STRATHCONA TWEEDSMUIR SCHOOL

PAIDIA 86–87

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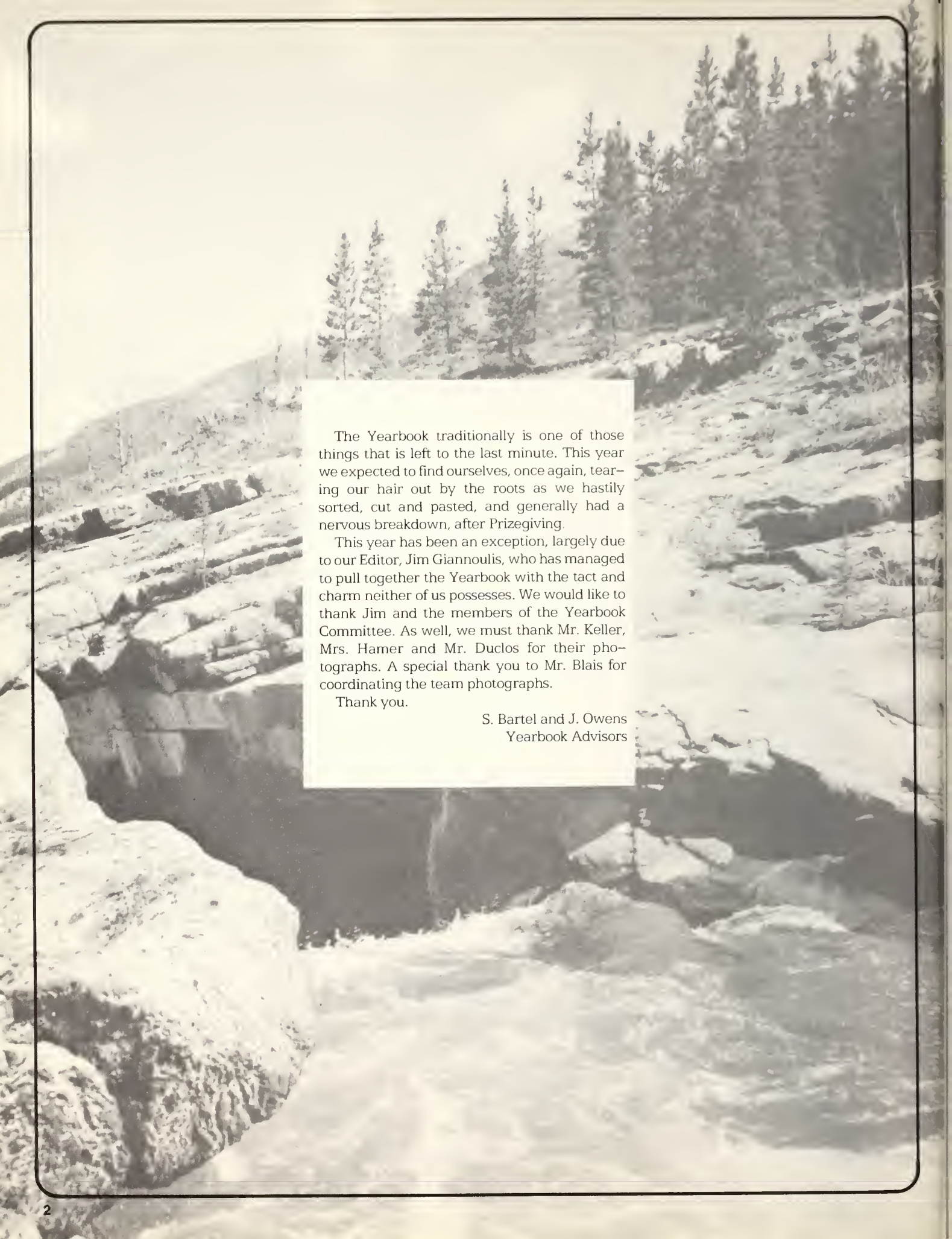
STRATHCONA TWEEDSMUIR SCHOOL

1986 ~ 1987

PAIDIA

Ann Hannaulis



The Yearbook traditionally is one of those things that is left to the last minute. This year we expected to find ourselves, once again, tearing our hair out by the roots as we hastily sorted, cut and pasted, and generally had a nervous breakdown, after Prizegiving.

This year has been an exception, largely due to our Editor, Jim Giannoulis, who has managed to pull together the Yearbook with the tact and charm neither of us possesses. We would like to thank Jim and the members of the Yearbook Committee. As well, we must thank Mr. Keller, Mrs. Hamer and Mr. Duclos for their photographs. A special thank you to Mr. Blais for coordinating the team photographs.

Thank you.

S. Bartel and J. Owens
Yearbook Advisors

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HEADMASTER'S MESSAGE

In June I had a lively discussion with some young visitors who were very surprised to find Strathcona–Tweedsmuir was not what they had imagined an independent school to be. They had expected to arrive in front of an old, imposing building with ivy growing over the walls. They thought they would see self–contained classrooms, windowless hallways and much evidence of regimentation.

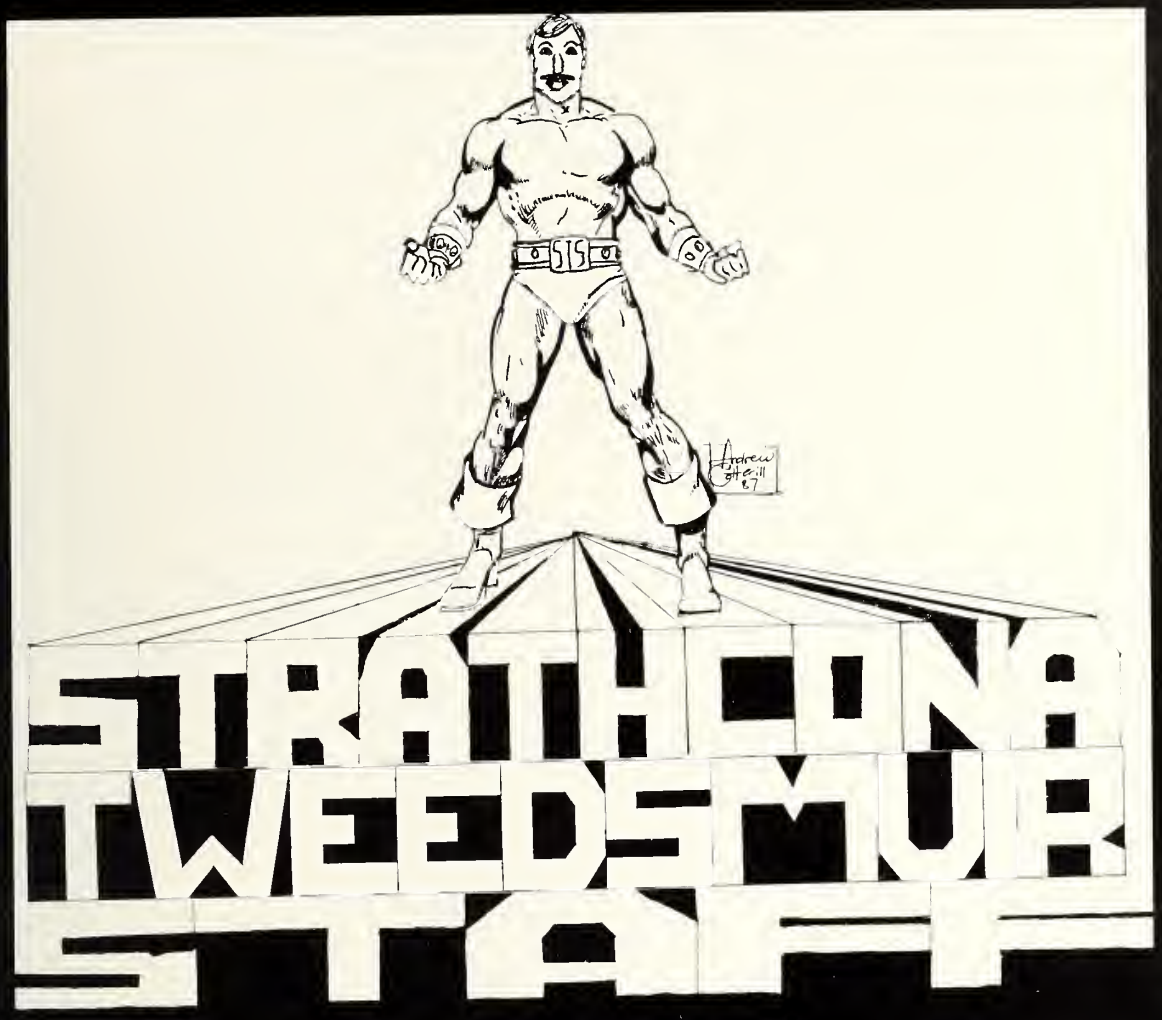
Fortunately, Strathcona–Tweedsmuir School does not fit this stereotype of an independent school. However, we share some of the traditional features common to independent schools: uniforms, houses, a philosophy of "a healthy mind in a healthy body", an emphasis on the development of character and even quaint titles such as "headmaster".

With the evolution of Strathcona–Tweedsmuir School from our predecessor schools we have inherited some special traditional features. The priority given to public speaking comes to us from Strathcona School for Boys. The three houses, Buchan, Burns and Dover were acquired from Tweedsmuir and to them we added Howard in honour of Mr. Alfred Howard. Many of our major trophies and awards have come to us from these two schools. We share with St. Hilda's the values of respect for others, thoughtfulness, consideration, and a sense of fair play. Our alumni association has been influenced significantly by one special lady, Dr. Marmie Hess, a graduate of St. Hilda's.

The Yearbook reflects the school we have become, one that has built on the strengths of its past and one that is growing confidently towards the future. It is establishing its own traditions and is emerging as a dynamic force in the lives of its students, teachers, parents and alumni.

I congratulate **Paidia '87** Editor, Jim Giannoulis, and his committee for presenting the sixteenth year of Strathcona–Tweedsmuir, Alberta's unique and progressive independent school.

Peter B. Ditchburn
Headmaster



STAFF

Back Row: Mr. Taylor, Ms. Harper, Mr. McConnell, Mr. Hay, Mr. Adams, Mr. Pinnell, Mr. Walls, Mr. Lorfing, Mrs. Perkins, Mr. Cojocar, Mr. Blais. **Third Row:** Mrs. Laughren, Mr. Schmit, Mr. Koning, Mr. Bauman, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Tottenham, Mr. Freight, Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Clarke, Miss Horne, Mrs. Wyatt.

Second Row: Mr. Nelson, Miss Lemieux, Mrs. Owens, Mr. Diskin, Mr. Ditchburn, Mrs. MacLean, Ms. Samson, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Ropchan, Mrs. Ierakidis. **Front Row:** Mr. Colborne, Mrs. Stewart, Ms. Bartel, Mr. Prost, Mrs. Rodney, Ms. Goldsworthy, Ms. Binns, Mr. Thompson, Miss Wiggins.

CONGRATULATIONS

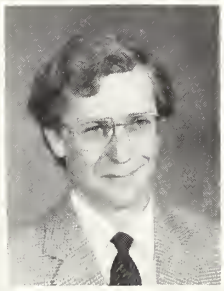
Mr. Jim McConnell who completed fifteen years of service to the School. Mr. McConnell, our Head of Guidance, was appointed Director of Administration effective 1987–88.

Mr. Bill Taylor, Director of Activities on completion of ten years of service.

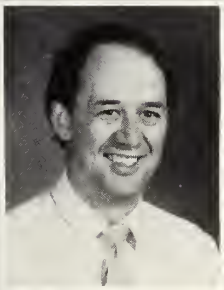
Mrs. Alice Wyatt, Grade Four teacher, on completion of ten years of service. Mrs. Wyatt has been granted a sabbatical leave for 1987–88 to pursue studies in reading at the University of Calgary.

FAREWELL

Mrs. Susannah Hamer of our Development Office who has worked for the School for seven years. Mrs. Hamer will be completing her master's degree in communication studies at the University of Calgary.



Mme. Zinda FitzGerald, our senior French teacher and Mr. Steve Diskin our Grade Three teacher who are taking leaves-of-absence for 1987-88.



Mr. Phillip Pinnell our exchange teacher from Australia returns to Wesley College, Melbourne this summer.

To all staff who are leaving, we extend our best wishes for their new endeavours.

1
2
3
4
5

ELEMENTARY

GRADE ONE

Back Row:
Ryan Tonelli
Rory Wood
Matthew Gunton
Robbie Hayes
Nico Koning
Matt Diskin
Mrs. MacLean
Nii Okai Ayi
Middle Row:
Roland Spackman
Aleef Esmail
Mia Valerianos
Kate Morris
Andrea Ulrich
Michael Chu
Nicholas Ma
Front Row:
Kristin McMurtrie
Victoria Lamond
Fay Vintcent
Kate Abrams
Aliya Walji
Larissa Roberton
Missing:
Katie Ford

GRADE TWO

Back Row:
Erin Kaiser
Jason Simon
Cory Sine
Robert Miller
Christian Johnsen
Jacqueline Burns
Mrs. Owens
Middle Row:
John Hankinson
Jenny Perkins
Michael Holcroft
Christina Towle
Whitney Finch
Conor Maclean
Front Row:
Andria Chimienti
Sara Hewitt
Whitney Lowden
Neema Charania
Araylea Waters

GRADE THREE

Back Row:
Monique Sello
Sonya Lowe
Xanna Waugh
Courtney Ropchan
Erin Holcomb
Greta Rognoni
Caroline Lengkong
Mr. Diskin
Middle Row:
Stephen Mannix
Zaria Hamer
Christopher Milne
Claire Thompson
Jacob Manaloor
Andrea Brown
Michael Hoang
Front Row:
Sebastien Gittens
Oliver Spackman
Jeff Horan
Stephen Wiesenthal
Samuel Elmore
David Howard

The Grade Ones show Mr. Ditchburn the gingerbread houses they made.

GRADE FOUR A

Back Row:
Graeme Jennings
Roxanne Amrolia
Jessica Holcroft
Mrs. Harvey
Christopher Copeman
Danny Petersen
Third Row:
Rhiannon Clarke
Lauren Pinnell
Erin Galvin
Katharine Lai
Angela Ko
Second Row:
Daniel Sekhon
Arthur Poon
Hafiz Ali
Jonathan Koo
Front Row:
James Gunton
Tyler James
Louis Williams
Al Renner

GRADE FOUR B

Back Row:
Jeff Bowen
Rob Delf
Mrs. Wyatt
Tamiz Kanji
Scott Anderson
Arvin Poon
Third Row:
Jeff Neuss
Jennifer Tonelli
Laura Simpson
Lana Taleb
Daniel Bracko
Second Row:
Claire Graham
John Manaloor
Robbie Masters
Jennifer Chouinard
Front Row:
Grant Crowther
Sonia Lota
Stephanie Kerwin
Steven Oh

GRADE FIVE A

Back Row:
Julian Oh
Molly Gillespie
Miss Wiggins
Chris Cully
Kevin Waddock
Richard Lengkong
Third Row:
Kern Shepherd
Tara Habijanac
Elizabeth Blum
Matthew Koning
Geoff Mason
Second Row:
Kyle English
Steven Bartel
Grant Farn
Cam Tedford
Rachelle Singh
Dominique Keller
Front Row:
Mackenzie Harvey
Marte Towle
Jamie Francis
Rhiannon Owens

GRADE FIVE B

Back Row:
Jessica Baert
Monica Sekhon
Ian Armitage
Mrs. Perkins
Greg Darou
Michael Forbes
Third Row:
Charles Mannix
Michelle Wong
Erin Thompson
Caitlin Kerwin
Katka Smira
Jamie Chouinard
Arliss Abrahamson
Second Row:
Christy Greene
Lisa Ricketts
Patrick Mitchell
Nathan Cronin
Ria Paul
Front Row:
Daniel Brophy
Rishi Verma
Steven Patterson
Latif Walji

GRADE SIX A

Back Row:
Dustin Hunter
Miss Horne
Christian Steinbock
Jeffrey Davis
Karim Nogas
Third Row:
James Hall
Tyler Gamey
Brandy James
Sarah Hawitt
Mimi Watkins
Stephen Caplan
Second Row:
Clarke Hanna
John Palmer
Emily Hamer
Colin Thrasher
Front Row:
Rodney Brown
Andrew Tavender
Timothy Spedding
Imran Ahmed

GRADE SIX B

Back Row:
Ilja Herb
Kern McMurtrie
Mr. Bauman
Steve Adams
Peter Wootliff
Aaron Kirkham
Third Row:
Naim Ali
Sean Gunton
Gerrard Lewis–Steer
Andrew Kirker
Second Row:
Heidi Dinning
Heather Lorfing
Jennifer Tottenham
Jennifer Rocker
Claire Owens
Front Row:
Emeline Lamond
Patrick Stewart
Ryan Crowther
Alim Mitha

ELEMENTARY POETRY CONTEST

Winners of the Elementary Poetry Contest judged by the teachers and winning books awarded by the Library: Grade 3 — Andrea Brown "My Cat"; Grade 4 — Daniel Sekhon "No Life in the Fields"; Grade 5 — Michael Forbes "I Knew a Pirate"; Grade 6 — Jeffrey Davis "The Return of the Living Dead".

Runners Up: Grade 3: Sonya Lowe; Grade 4: Grant Crowther; Grade 5: Arliss Abrahamson; Grade 6: Ilja Herb.

This year the Grade 6 students made their first attempt at a poem in French. The winner was Tim Spedding with "Etre Alpiniste" with Runner-up Naim Ali — "Etre Premier Ministre".

MY CAT
by Andrea Brown, Grade 3

My cat Cheeky is very old
So I am told.
He loves to sleep all day
When we are away.
Then, when we come home
I let him out to roam.
I'm happy when he's back
Purring in my lap.

ETRE PREMIER MINISTRE
by Naim Ali, Grade 6

Etre Premier
Ministre
Dans le parlement,
Je suis important.

ETRE ALPINISTE
by Tim Spedding, Grade 6

Etre Alpiniste
Sur la montagne
Toujours en face de
Danger.

THE DINOSAUR
by Grant Crowther, Grade 4

Once there was a dinosaur,
Who lived in a faraway land,
Who ate up all the children,
And hated eggs and ham!
He wasn't very picky,
But he really couldn't stand,
No matter what the payoff,
He hated eggs and ham.
He would jump roof to roof
To see what people ate
If it was eggs and ham,
He would stomp around and shake.
People would run out crying,
Some people would end up dying,
Just because they had something
on their plate!

TROPICAL FISH
by Sonya Lowe, Grade 3

One sunny day on the beach,
I went scuba-diving, out of reach,
I saw some coral, silver and white,
Some eels I saw, black as night.
Tropical fish is one other I saw,
Some sharks with fishes stuck in their jaw.
Suddenly I saw a tiny goldfish swimming
swiftly,
Swish, swish, swish.
Oh, how I like tropical fish.

CHINNOOK WINDS
by Arliss Abrahamson, Grade 5

Some people go south for the winter
To escape the ice and snow;
But we don't have to, in Calgary,
Where the mild Chinook winds blow.
They blow across our western land
And keep us warm and dry,
So we are always glad to see
A Chinook arch in the sky.

THE RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD
by Jeffrey Davis, Grade 6

The old man still lay back in bed
With his pillow propped under his head.
With fingers he does nervously drum
Because he knows the time has come.
"Good-bye," he moans, "Good-bye to
life,"
"My brother, sister, son and wife."
His heart has stopped, and not a strain
Rises up from his body again.
And suddenly the room is drowned
In spirits, whom his death they found.
Lifting the man, all of the seven,
They left the house and took him to
heaven.
Up in the clouds of a different world,
Up the stairs to the kingdom they curled.
There the old man opened his eyes
In the place which all devils do despise.
Now he could start a new life thereafter,
A life full of love, and beauty and laughter.
This is the place where all people are good,
Polite, friendly and act as they should.
On a quest that was formed to pursue
without rest
To make their world the very best.
Yet in this land of perfect complexion,
The old man felt this superior perfection
Was not complete without some flaws of
life,
This land was too good, one without strife.
He closed his eyes and visioned Earth,
With a longing to be there for all he was
worth.
And back to Earth the old man fled,
For he had returned from the living dead.

NO LIFE IN THE FIELDS
by Daniel Sekhon, Grade 4

No life in the fields,
There's no life,
In the fields,
No single crop alive.
The grass is yellow,
Bare trees hang low,
And all the plants have died.
There's no life,
In the fields
Nothing has survived.

I KNEW A PIRATE
by Michael Forbes, Grade 5

I knew a pirate
Who had a big heart
Bartholomew Bart,
Known as Black Bart.
Over 400 prizes
His daring crew won,
In the West Indies
And the Caribbean.
He allowed no liquor
Aboard his ships,
No late nights,
Or swivelling hips.
A good Roman Catholic
With a young priest aboard,
To keep all his pirates
In touch with the Lord.
So dashing and handsome
Did he like to appear,
That he waxed his moustache
And then grew a beard.
He was shot by the Navy
And tossed overboard,
Fully attired
With pistol and sword.
For many years after
His shipments did swear,
The ghost of Black Bart
They heard calling
Beware!

GOALIE's VIEW
by Ilja Herb, Grade 6

Slap!!!
Zinnnnnnnng!!
Glad that went by.
Actually, it went over the glass.
Oh-oh!! The faceoff is in our zone.
The other team got the draw.
Bummer, it's back to their point.
Slap!!!!!!
It's comin', it's comin'!!
Right for the top left corner.
Uhh!
Smack into my glove
Wheawsh
Glad that's over!!!

Peace

Peace
is loving
Peace
is caring
Peace
is working together
Peace
is having fun
And Peace
is the best thing in the world.

by Erin Galvin, Grade 4

Flowers

Flowers are blooming
Grass is turning green
Trees are growing their leaves
Robins are singing
This is the way
We like our world
Peaceful.

by Hafiz Ali, Grade 4

CHOPSTICKS

by Ryan Crowther, Grade 6

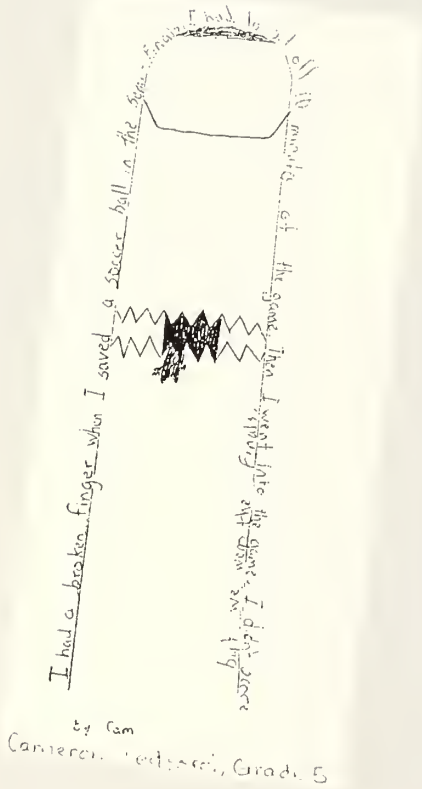
Here we are, ordering Chinese food at Homefood Inn, hmmm, diced shrimp with sizzling rice? I don't think so. Pork duck combo with lima beans and peas? Maybe not. Ah I finally found what to order. Diced chicken with cashew nuts, grilled pork dumplings, palace style chicken, and a coke.

* * *

At last, the food has come! I think that I'll start with the dumpling. I got some of those dumplings on my plate. I like to eat them, but they look like overstuffed worms. I picked up my chopsticks with ease, but the dumplings didn't want to be picked up as much as the chopsticks did. At first the dumpling slithered out my chopsticks. (I was beginning to think that maybe they were overstuffed worms!) So I lowered the chopsticks vertically down, and around the dumpling. I squeezed hard — too hard I guess, because as soon as I got the thing to my mouth, the meat shot out of the skin like a pebble out of a slingshot. It made a wierd and loud SLSHHH sound as it landed in the sauces on my plate. I ended up eating the meat separate from the outer skin.

As soon as I ate the dumplings, I decided to have some diced chicken with cashew nuts. I got these into my chopsticks okay. I thought: I'll be able to eat these easily! I had two pieces of meat in my chopsticks. (These looked like bloody pieces of the overstuffed worms after they exploded.) I took the two pieces of meat into my mouth and started to chew CRUNCH! Oh yuk! There was a cashew nut in between the two pieces of meat!

Well, there was one thing here I knew I could tackle. That was the coke. Ooops!!! I hope that stain will come out of the table cloth!



Living Things — by Erin Kaiser, Grade 2

Do you think it's right to kill a mite?
How do you think the mite would feel —
Being stepped on and crunched on
And run out of sight!
And then in two bites,
There's no more mites.
Now do you think it's right
To kill a mite?

Stacey and Me

Chapter 1

"Checkmate!", I shouted, moving my knight on another square. I grinned cunningly at my father who frowned a puzzled frown. "Okay, you win", he said, rising from his chair and walked back to the kitchen for another snack. While I cleaned up the pieces, Stacey ran in with her Wuzzle, Bumblelion. "Wuzzle Bumblelion is the best", chanted Stacey. "He can continue on without no rest." "Hey, Stacey that rhymes," I exclaimed. I never knew that Stacey could make up a rhyming couplet. "It does?" said Stacey somewhat surprisingly. "Oh yes, it does," I said, ready to answer another one of her dumb questions. But she didn't. She just kept on pouting it in front of my mother's and father's face! Well, that's the problem with Stacey. Everytime she says something that you really like, she keeps on saying it in front of your face until you get bored of it. (That's part of her exasperating life, I suppose.) When my father had enough, he bellowed, "Stacey Roxxane Lowe!!!!!!! Stop singing that or else you get a spanking!!!!!!!!!!" I had to put my hands over my ears for that part. His shouting was much louder than a scream. Stacey sank down and stopped pouting. She was about to cry but found interest in musing over my soccer ball. "That's it!!!" I said, dropping the newspaper comics on the floor and picking up Stacey. "Wuzzle Bumblelion is the Captain of the . . ." "Wuzzle Winddings baskickball team!!" exclaimed Stacey, forcing herself out of my arms. At last I let go and Stacey ran to her play corner, picked up the soccer ball and started kicking it. BAAM!! CRASH!! Vases were knocked down and the coffee table tipped over. BOOM!!!! Mother's plastic chinaware fell to the floor. The teatray fell on the fresh carpet and the ball bounced on the milk. "Stacey!!!!" shouted Mother, picking up the remains of a broken vase. "YOU!!! I CAN'T EVEN SPARE A SINGLE MOMENT!!!!!!!" screeched Mother, part screaming and bellowing also. Father was reading silently and I hid in Mother's closet. I shuffled toward an ivory casket, which contained a lot of oils, scents, and jewelry. I was gazing at buskin bracelets when Mother called me. "Sonya, look after Stacey would you?!" "Alright, I will," I shouted back. I thrust the closet door open and ran outside. Stacey, who was reading "Hansel and Gretel" was bundled up in slacks and sweater. "By the way, Sonya, don't forget to mow the lawn while I go shopping!!!" said Mother. She kissed both of our heads and left. Boy, I'd better change into slacks too, since I could dirty my jean skirt. After I changed into the slacks, I started the lawn mower. A couple of hours later, I needed a drink to cool off. I stumbled into the kitchen and searched for a pepsi. When I found a can of pepsi, I went to the living room to watch Stacey. To my surprise, Stacey was not there!! Uh, oh. A thought just occurred to me. I forgot to close the ivory casket! I dashed to my mother's closet and found Stacey, rubbing her cheeks with mascara! "STACEY ROXXANE LOWE!!!" I shouted furiously, "why did you mess up Mommy's jewel box??" I sighed an exasperated sigh. Now I was going to get it for sure.

Chapter 2

I was cutting out a couple of Math Flash cards when Mother shouted, "Sonya, please help me feed Stacey. She won't eat a bit of spaghetti!" I dropped the scissors on the floor and dashed to the kitchen. There, Stacey spat out a meatball in disgust. "Okay, it's play time!!!," I said. Stacey was amazed at my bag puppet show, which made her mouth open. Quickly Mother stuffed her mouth with noodles. After a whole bunch of entertainment, I took off Stacey's bib and said, "Now wander along," I said, ushering her out of my presence. Phew! A day like this is a tiring experience. I slept on the couch for some time and woke up by a sound of snip–snip. When I looked at the door and guess who I saw? It was Stacey, snipping the screen net off!!!! I quickly picked her up and carried her to my closet, put her in, shut the door, and went to sleep. Then Mother woke up, she saw the hole in the screen. "STACEY LOWE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!," bellowed Mother, picking up the scissors and dumping them into the sewing basket. I tried not to look involved, but then I burst out laughing. "Sonya, that isn't funny", said Mother, picking at the little holes on the screen. "Now we'll have to get a new screen net." I felt the same too. I shouldn't have let Stacey take the scissors. Dumb of me. "Well, you can take Stacey out for a walk now," sighed Mother, taking the phone book out to look up the screen repair–men. I quietly went to my closet, ushered her out, and put on a jacket. I put Stacey's jacket and shoes on. Then we went outside and played. Stacey loved to venture out of our back yard but Mother told us not to because we might cause a lot of trouble. For example, Stacey (this trick is in "the return of Stacey Lowe") smothered some tomato paste on one of our neighbour's (Mrs. O'Malley) rhododendron bushes which wasn't very pleasing. But I told her next time we could take a run down 17th street to visit one of my friends, Diana McNally. We met when Mother drove us to the Wheycurt Illinois School for the Flea Market going on. I found myself lost in the bustle there because Mother didn't hold my hand. But Diana delivered me home safely. Anyways, Stacey and I played soccer and catch when mother called us in. "Sonya, Stacey, come inside and wash your hands, you're as dirty as the garbage can!", said Mother, gesturing her hand to show us to come in. We both rushed inside and ran to the bathroom. Daddy was shaving in there but then . . . "Stephen, help me plant the bulbs in the garden", shouted Mother from the window. Daddy and I went outside. Later, we went inside and guess who we saw? We saw Stacey, putting shaving cream all over the bathroom! "STACEY ROXXANE LOWE!!!!", shouted the whole family. Mother took Stacey and put her to bed. I guess Stacey is not as bad after all.

THE END

Sonya Lowe — Grade 3

Mr. Willy, the Color Wizard

Every day Mr. Willy, the color wizard who put colors into everything came out of his color castle with his helpers, the Colorkins. Their names were Blue, Yellow, White, Violette, Orange, Green, Brown, and a few others. These Colorkins help Mr. Willy in his work.

One day, Mr. Willy came out as usual. Everything looked kind of bad. "It always looks bad every morning," he said. "Come on, Colorkins. We've got to get to work." Green started to paint the grass, Brown painted the trunks of trees, White on daisies, and so on. Mr. Willy directed them. At the end of the day, Mr. Willy and the Colorkins went back into their Color castle and into bed.

Arvin Poon, Grade 4

Grade 3 enjoyed Pioneer Days with Mrs. Julie Horne.

After reading "Charlie and The Chocolate Factory", Grade 2's made their own chocolate.

The October camping trip to Longview really broke the ice for Grade 6's.

As usual, Hallowe'en produced many splendid costumes.

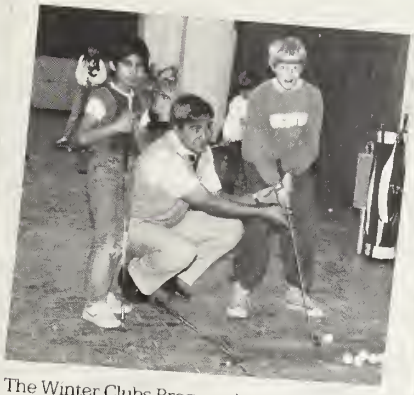
Folk dancing was a feature of Mrs. Gibson's Phys. Ed. program; seen here is Grade 3.

1987 Speech Contest Grade 4, 5 and 6 winners and finalists.

The annual Elementary Science Fair was a great success.

Believe it or not, these are our Elementary teachers at Hallowe'en.

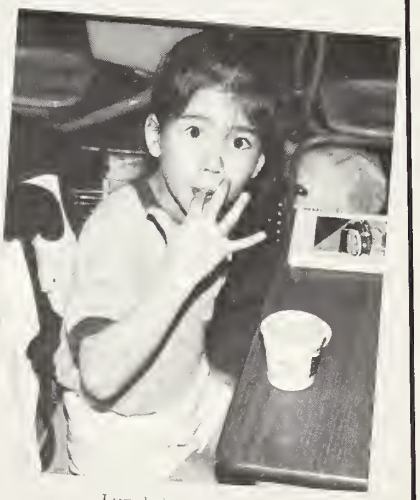
This year the Grade 1–6 ski program offered luge and tobogganing at Canada Olympic Park.



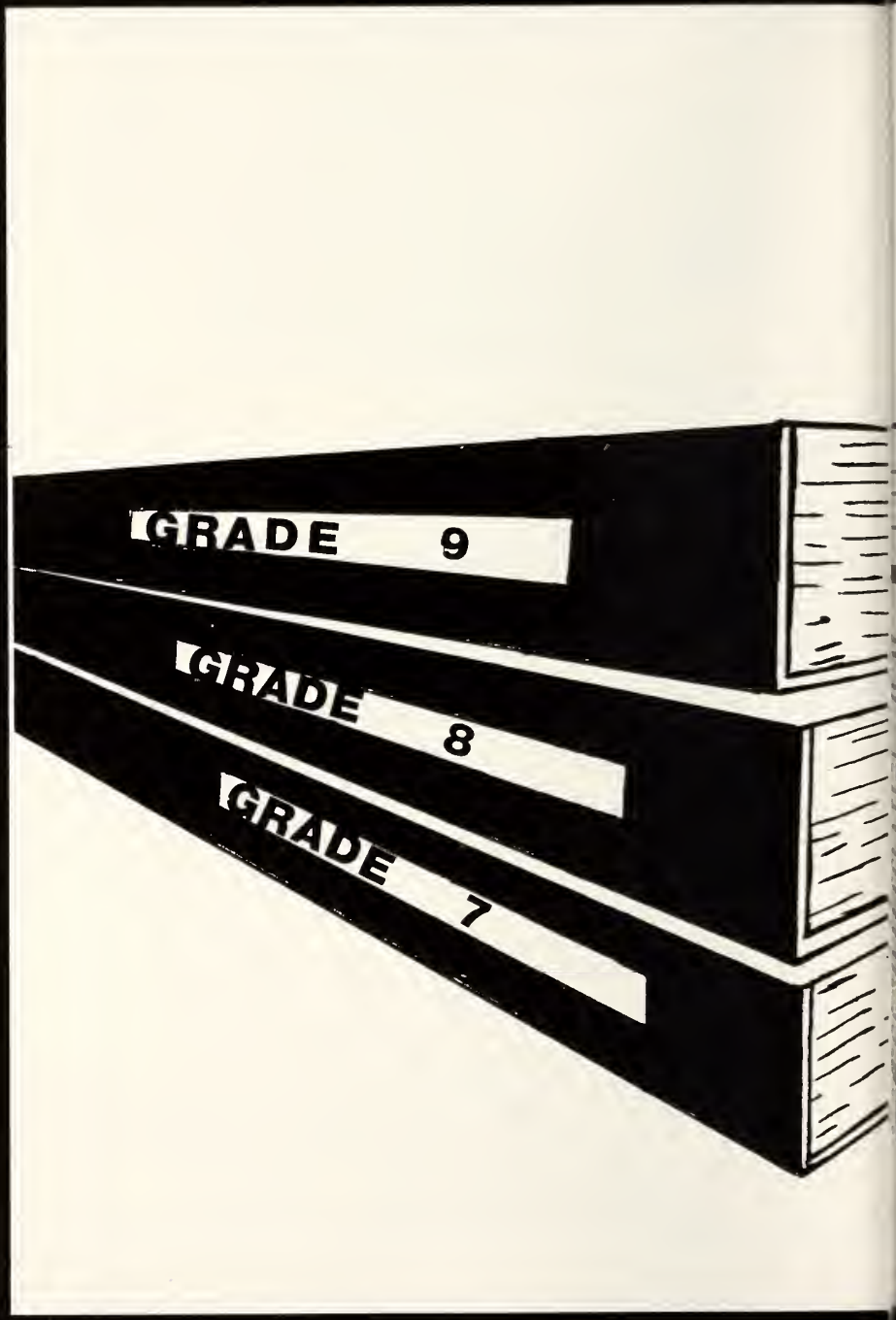
The Winter Clubs Program brought dads and moms onto the noon–hour scene.

House intramurals brought the Grade 1's and 2's in contact with Grade 6's.

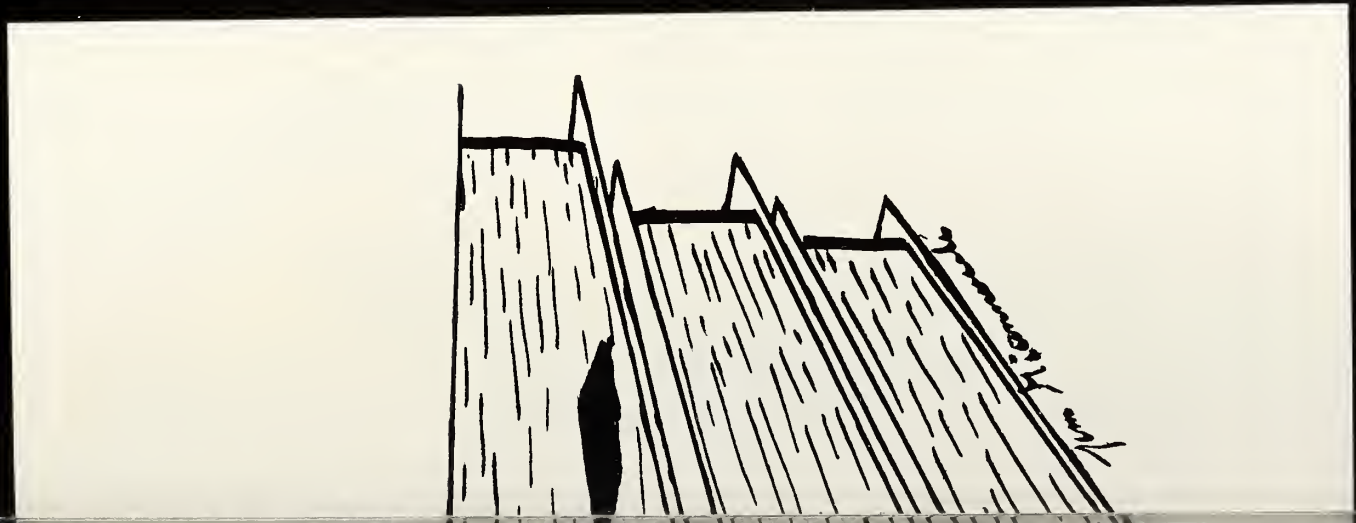
The UNICEF Past President enjoyed the Grade 2 and 3 presentation of "Where Is Our Love?" at Hallowe'en.



Lunchtime candid.


GRADE 9
GRADE 8
GRADE 7

JUNIOR HIGH



GRADE SEVEN A

Top Row:
Mr. Nelson
George Barnes
Michael Belenkie
Sandeep Lota
Third Row:
Matteo Rognoni
Karilee Johnsen
Jody Whitney
Heidi MacDonald
Second Row:
Robert Pierce
Kathleen Cronin
Rachael Scott
Katy Stewart
Front Row:
Hartley Sirkis
Roger McClary
Lauren Blumes
Amy Eisenberg

GRADE SEVEN B

Top Row:
Adam Forseth
Drew Hyndman
Jeremy Fleming
Travis McConnell
Third Row:
Maya Gohill
Abigail Kinch
Danielle Keller
Rachael Owens
Second Row:
Kathy Bartel
Sean O'Connor
Ashley Skiber
Andrew Mitchell
Front Row:
Mrs. Stewart
Robert Scott
Kevin Spear
Michelle Chouinard
Kari Badwi

GRADE SEVEN C

Top Row:
Clint Sello
Charity Nufer
Mme. Goldsworthy
Rene Singh
Ms. Binns
Nancy Angus
Third Row:
Roxanne Elenko
Hamish McKellar
Victoria Jennings
Mark Perkins
Second Row:
Michael Lane
Chandra Mannix
Angus Turner
Robert Cropp
Front Row:
Jennifer Upitis
Stephanie Brown
Christina Zolotas
James Rocker

GRADE EIGHT A

Top Row:
Steven Feick
Peter Yates
Neil McBean
Cameron Baker
Robert Lamond
Third Row:
Eric Hyndman
Ryan Horn
Alexandra Luckhurst
Brett Habijanac
Andrew Kearns
Second Row:
Carol Engstrom
Nadia Herb
Laura Sharp
Front Row:
Andrea Simon
Sabrina Neumann
Melissa Darou
Mr. Blais

GRADE EIGHT B

Top Row:
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Rupert Evans
Rebecca Miller
Ianny Kousinioris
Mr. Pinnell
Third Row:
Karen Neuss
Ryan Sidorsky
Kimberly Park
James Waddock
Second Row:
Shannon Young
Amber Darsi
Cathy Schultz
Brenda Varnam
Ben Ezinga
Front Row:
Billy Zimmer
Andrew Brooks
Geeta Verma
Stacy Rozsa

GRADE EIGHT C

Top Row:
Penny McDermid
Cary Malone
Terri Blumes
David Grout
Third Row:
Martin Spedding
Justin Perron
Susan Wiesenthal
Carrie Jardine
Second Row:
Jonathan Mawer
Julie Bretz
Louisa Sigurdson
Ferzhin Armolia
Front Row:
Mlle. Lemieux
Scott Nichol
Laurie Brown
Jory McMillan
Owen McAllister

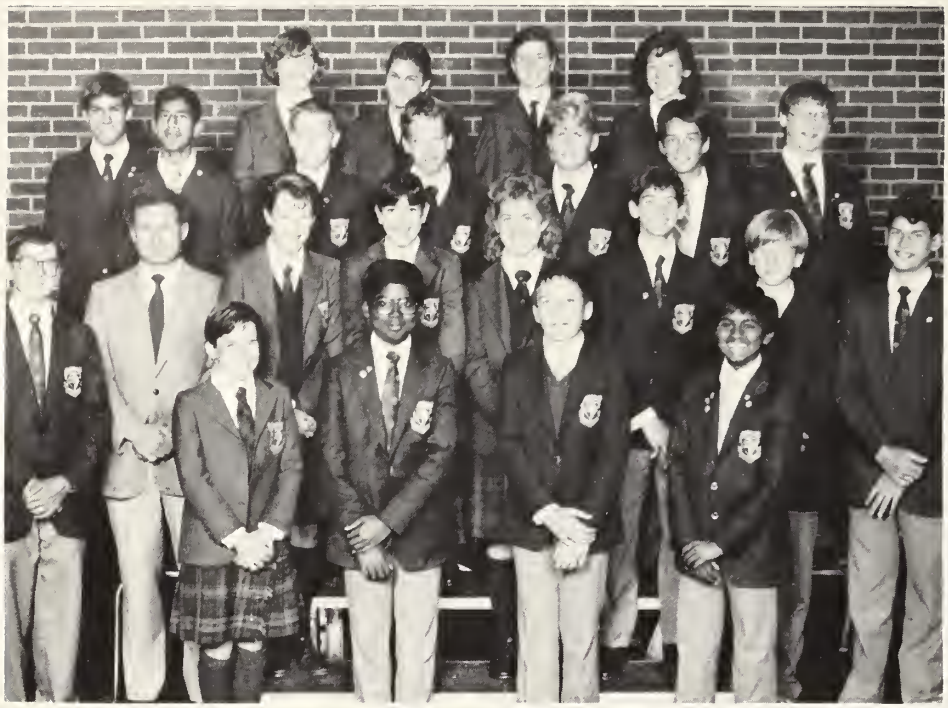
GRADE NINE A

Top Row:
Ryan Harris
Ms. Bartel
Fourth Row:
Paul McGrath
Neil Belenkie
Dana Mendham
Gianoula Kousinioris
Andrea Hay
Giles Langley
Third Row:
Nancy Elsharkawi
Shaun O'Brien
Stephanie Smith
Elizabeth Empett
Alexander Elmore
Second Row:
Julian Bromwich
Chris Bingham
Mark Adam
Jeff Gibb
Front Row:
David Pierce
Edoardo Bardana
Peter Stuart
Roxanne Wong
Edward Bashford
Christopher Percival

GRADE NINE B

Top Row:
Rodney Evans
Ms. Samson
Fourth Row:
Dean Burns
Sabrina Grobler
Susannah Pierce
Thijs Spoor
Scott Davis
Third Row:
Mary Hankinson
Dara Sutton
Rob Culver
Cade Mass
John Berlett
Second Row:
Michael Lemon
Madeline Neil
Stephanie Angus
Peter Hoang
Front Row:
Jack Schneider
Grady Galvin
Kent Crosland
Shannon McDonough
Mark Pirie
Cyrus Ameli

GRADE NINE C



Top Row:
Jennifer Whyte
Tanya Maier
Stacy Hyndman
Penny Benson
Third Row:
Anton Wootliff
Raj Gohill
Parry Johnson
Travis Smith
Mark Beattie
Ralph Fitzgerald
Scott Lemieux
Second Row:
Judd Palmer
Mr. Schmit
Mary Angus
Cheryl Zimmer
Alanna Abrahamson
Matthew Tedford
Brett Matthews
Brandon Delf
Front Row:
Jennifer Wood
Guru Gunaratnam
Lucas Daniels
Paulose Paul

JUNIOR HIGH LITERATURE

LOCKE POETRY CONTEST 1986–1987

Some people said he passed away,
Some say that he died,
But I'm the one who really knows,
He committed suicide.

He went and left us all alone
He did not know what to do,
He left without a one good–bye,
or single I love you.

But in my heart
I know he cared just because I do,
And now I'll never get the chance
To say, Dad I love you.

WINNER — MARY ANGUS — 9C

Nightime

A time of blackness,
Mysteriousness,
Quietness,
And stillness.
White against black
Is the moon face against
The fierce dragon of the midnight sky.
The eerie clouds
Are wisps of smoke from the dragon
Which float across the poor man's face.
And the sunrise,
Which is shot into the sky,
Is the fire of the dragon's breath,
As he surrenders to the day.

FIRST RUNNER–UP — REBECCA MILLER — 8B

Yesterday's Headline

A newspaper sits in a corner
Wanted by no one
Dust forms heaps
On its fading words
The corners curl
And the pages are brittle
The date printed on the first page
Is a forgotten day
Of no importance

Someone starts a fire
In the fireplace nearby
And the newspaper is pushed in
Carelessly
Under the heavy logs
The flames attack it
Killing any meaning the paper would have had
But it had none
The torture does not cease
It is being eaten up
A headline
That may once have been looked at with horror
Or happiness
Flashes out of the fire
Before it, too disintegrates

The newspaper becomes delicate, charred ashes
That will lie forlornly on the fireplace floor
For a while
Until they disappear also
And nothing remains of a day that once was.

SECOND RUNNER–UP — SHAUN O'BRIEN — 9A

LOCKE SHORT STORY CONTEST 1986–1987

ISLAND OF FIRE

It had been like this for many days, the fog was thick and the sky was dark, the log cabin on the tiny, heavily wooded island seemed to sway in the wind. It was perfect for what I'd been planning. I sat on a big grey rock that jutted out above the crashing sea, a seagull flew near and then blew away to be dissolved by the fog. From here I couldn't even see the cabin. My wife, Jane, was probably inside, curled up in bed with that snobby little dog.

I walked through the tall, dark trees, which seemed like monsters in the twilight. It was as if something was watching me. I had always thought this island was a little strange. I slowly pulled the heavy door open, it made fearful creaks, and then cackled like a witch. The wind followed me inside and I was engulfed by the aroma of the fire.

"Danny?" My wife called.

I was silent. I stood in front of the fire and swayed to and fro. I was waiting for the fire to tell me the time had come. But it didn't. The fire kept dancing inside the enormous stone fireplace. I could feel its black eyes watching me, watching me, I was always being watched.

"Danny, I know it's you, no one would dare try for this island with a sea like that. Danny, come on to bed, it's late."

Prissy, the little white poodle ran down the steep wooden steps and jumped around me. I picked up the little dog and stared at it. It was quite small, and yet I hated it so. I held it up high above my head and turned, round and round, then I brought it down lower and quickly shoved it into the fire. It disappeared. It didn't catch on fire or anything. It simply vanished.

"Danny, Danny, come on! Let's go to sleep now". I doused the fire and the cabin plunged into darkness. I crept up the stairs. Slowly, slowly, each stair creaking under my weight. Slow sinister creaks, I loved them.

I got up before daybreak and hurried away from the cottage, from the fire. The sky was dark but there was a faint glow through the clouds of the sun approaching. Then the wind blew harder and the rain dropped down in

sheets. I ran back to the cottage as fast as I could. I threw open the door to find Jane lighting the fire. I slowly shut the door, once again enjoying the creaks.

"Jane, please don't!" I cried.

"Don't what, Danny?" She asked, seeming a little impatient.

"Don't light the fire."

She ignored my request and asked, "Danny, what did you do to Prissy? I haven't seen her since last night."

I breathed slowly, in and out, I made a game of it, listening to the different patterns I could create.

Jane turned away and hurried up the stairs.

I slowly walked toward the kitchen counter and fumbled through the cutlery drawer. At the back I found a butcher's knife. I hadn't remembered seeing it before, and I wondered how it got there. Still, I picked it up and played with it for a while. I went to the fire and waited, waited. The hands of the old clock went round and round, when it struck seven o'clock at night the fire told me it was time. As if on cue my wife came down the steps. She froze when she saw the knife in my hand.

"That's what happened to Prissy, isn't it? You killed her, you killed Prissy?" She screamed. I held the knife firmly in both hands and stepped toward her. Her hand rested on the doorknob, as I drew near her she flung open the door and dashed into the night. I had plenty of time, I walked back into the kitchen and looked in the pantry for the axe we kept there. I dropped the butcher knife and took hold of the axe. I would just keep looking until I found her. I shut the cabin door and wandered through the trees. It was pouring rain and it was pitch black, which increased her chances, but I was willing to search for days. I reached the shore of the small island and circled it several times, up and down the banks, in all the caves, and behind all the rocks, slowly, I had lots of time. After that I covered every square inch of the forest, leaving at last the house. She must have ran back inside the house after I left. I tried the door, but it was locked. Slowly but surely I beat the axe against the door. The door fell in pieces upon the ground. Stepping over the rubble I made my way inside. It was dark, except for the glow of the fire. It was waiting, I had better hurry now. The clock said that it was almost twelve midnight, so I hurried into the bedroom where I knew Jane would be. Without hesitating I headed

straight for the bed and lifted up the covers that hung over the side. I grabbed her hand and pulled her out from under it. She was kicking and screaming but I managed to drag her down the stairs and to the front of the fire. Suddenly she was calm.

"Danny," she said, "what happens when I enter the fire?"

"I, I dunno", I said.

"Please Danny, don't push me in the fire, please Danny, don't!" I looked at the clock, quickly approaching midnight, back at Jane, at the clock, at Jane. Everything went fuzzy until the clock struck the first of the twelve chimes. Drawing up my courage I took hold of Jane's shoulders and pushed her backwards into the fire. She wailed and screamed, and then again there was silence. Silence except for the empty fireplace lapping away and screaming for more, for me. I tried to shrink away from the light the fire cast upon the bed.

The next morning there was an unearthly silence, the sky was still grey, but it had stopped raining. The sea was like glass, time seemed suspended. I ate my breakfast in the silence and waited for the boat to come.

It came just after I had cleared the table. I ran to the door when I heard it pushing through the water. I turned around to look at the fire one last time, it seemed to expand, I felt inside me how much it wanted me. I ran through the woods and onto the rocky beach to help pull the boat up onto shore.

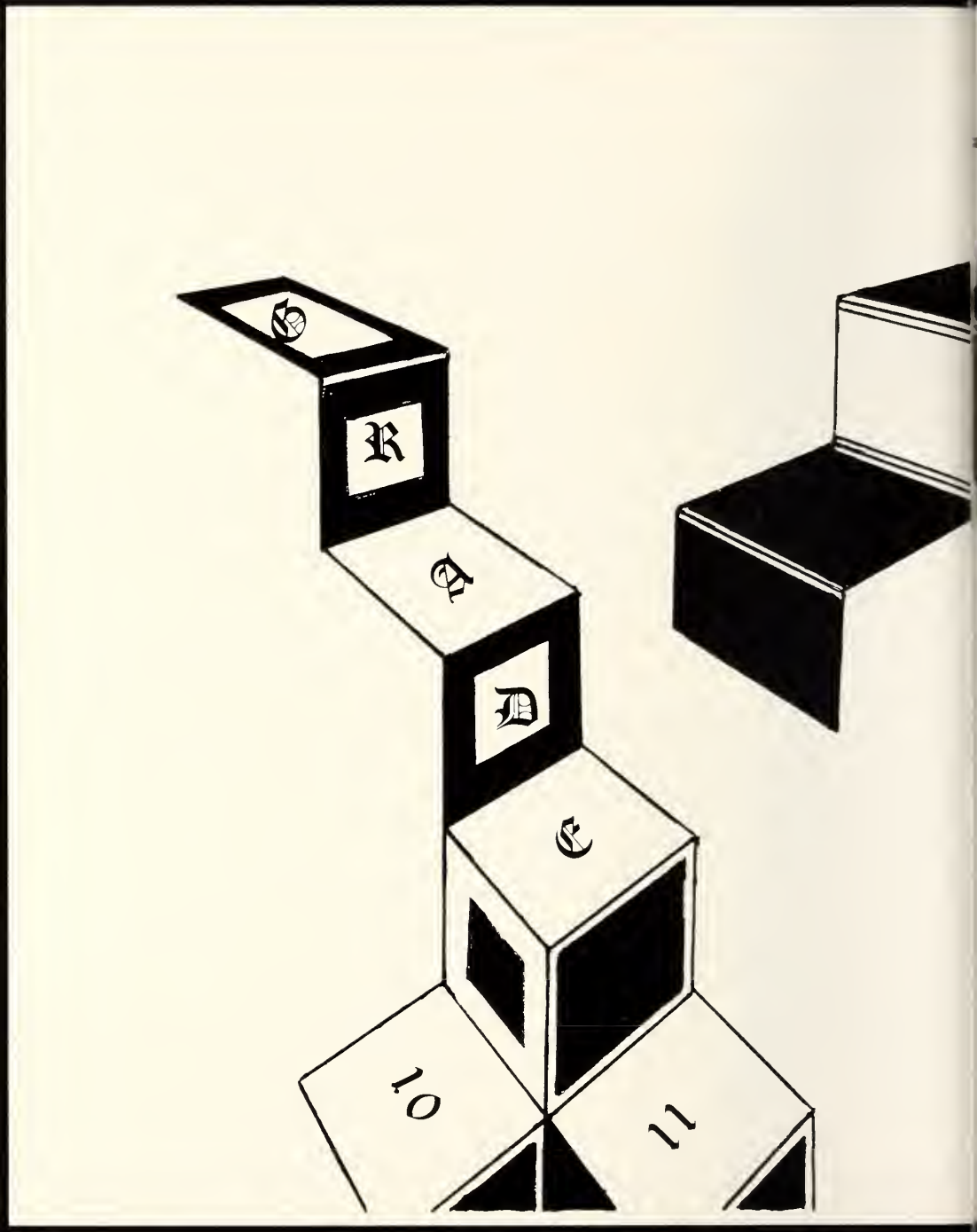
"Where's Jane?" One of the men asked.

"Uh . . . she's feeling sick, so . . . uh . . . she won't be coming to shore today. I'll be doing the shopping for her."

"All right then, let's go!" The other man said.

We climbed into the boat and I was mesmerized by the rocking motion of the large expanse of water. I had a sudden urge to look at the island. It seemed to glow a strange, sinister red, and all the trees caught on fire. The whole island was on fire! The fire expanded and was reaching across the water towards our boat. It came closer and closer, and I knew there was no escape!

WINNER — REBECCA MILLER — 8A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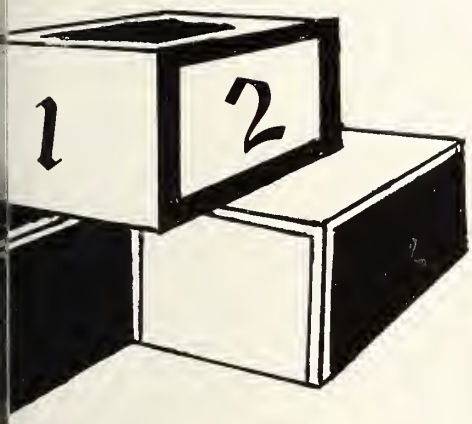
SENIOR HIGH



Jim Giannoulis

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Ben Eisner
Jeff Kahane
Mitch Cole
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Nicoletta Kousinioris
Holly Shillabeer
Alanna Caplan
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Jackie Tetzlaff
Willa Griffin
Kelli Kay
Susan Elliot
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Kevin Libin
Patrick San Augustin
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Karima Mitha
Lisa Hadway
Jessica Peters
Mrs. Ierakidis

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Lisa Fortems
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Shawna Daeou
Mr. Koning
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Louis Papas
Christina Rogona
David McKenzie
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Sasha Bateman
Nicole Beaudry
Gillian Selby
Isabelle Ryder
Colin McCormick
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Brian Wood
Victoria Douglas
Geoffrey Upitis

GRADE TEN C

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Mr. Prost
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Vic Arora
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Jeremy Green
Stephen Leach
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Faye Sidorsky
Katie Bawden
Kathryn Dundas
Tim Mitchell
Second Row:
Rob Laird
Keith Gilbert
Katie Harse
Samantha Loucks
Monica Ward
Wesley Cooper
Front Row:
Alison Miles
Sarah Waddock
Karen Pochailo
Yuen Yee Ng

GRADE ELEVEN A

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Michael Blumes
Marcus Perron
Annelise Pedersen
Mr. Wilson
Fourth Row:
Scott McArthur
Farid Mahnud
Heather Heasman
Melissa McLaws
Beth Lindsay
Kiren Singh
Third Row:
Jason Steadman
Krystina Romocki
Kimberly Bozak
Elizabeth Aspinall
Sibylle Baehre
Michael Vervena
Second Row:
Munro McKenzie
Brett LeBourveau
David Wood
Eera Jadav
Scott McDermid
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Francesco Vinci
Jill Murray
Shona Gupta

GRADE ELEVEN B

Top Row:
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Murray Whyte
Sean Nixon
Jason Lewis
Mr. Taylor
Third Row:
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Leanne Creed
Dana Arnell
Sandra Munnoch
Fraser Brooks
Second Row:
John Waddock
Graham Young
Jason Bell
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Douglas Brown
Alexander Baldwin
Front Row:
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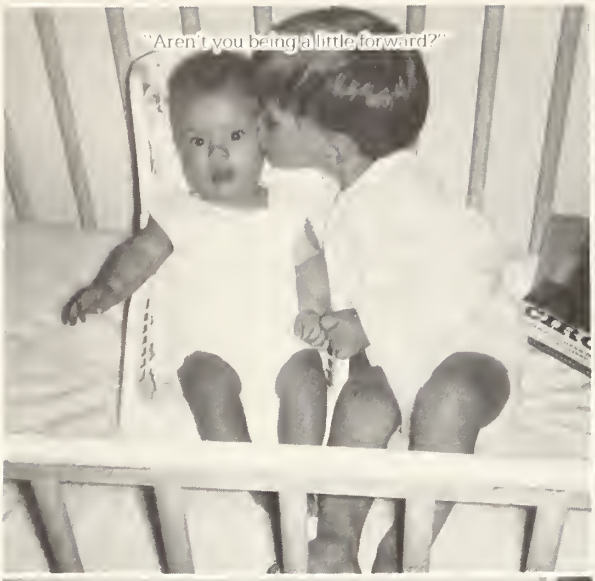
Christine Varnam
Julie Carter
Caroline Wuensche
Catharine Farn

GRADUATES


"Aren't you being a little forward?"

Jeff and myself

THE THREE STOOGES

What a thrilling day at school! I've never had so much FUN in my life.

Nancy Aldridge

Down with uniforms

Good luck grads! Remember: the sky is the limit!

"Construction paper, for Christmas? Gee, thanks!"

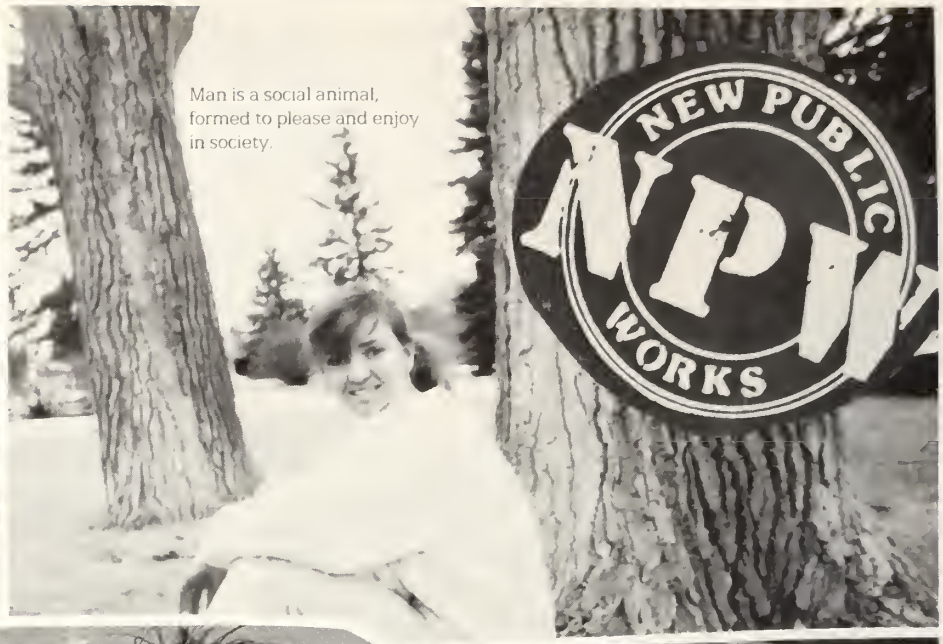
my parents and myself

If you're ever down, look up, for you'll realize all you have. If you have nothing, look straight ahead, for you're sure to find something to make you happy.

BRYAN ANDERSON

CATHERINE ANGUS

CAMERON ASHLEY



SHELLEY BEATTIE

Don't look back.
Something may be
gaining on you.
Leroy (Satchel) Paige

CELIA BRASSO

Those who dance
are thought mad
by those who
hear not the music.

Courage is the price that life exacts for granting peace
The soul that knows is not, knows no release
From little things
Knows not the livid loneliness of fear
Nor mountain heights where bitter joy
can hear
The sound of wings.

Emelia Earhart

Now here's motion!

JEAN-PIERRE

"The greatest thing in the world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.
Oliver Wendell Holmes

BUYSSCHAERT

Chivalry has not died.

First step, treat her like a lady.
Second step, tell her she's the one you been dreamin' of.
Third step, take her in your arms and never let her go.

O'tay!

Local Motion® hawaii

There is a theory which states that if anyone discovers what the universe is and why it is here, it will instantly disappear and be replaced by something even more bizarre and confusing.
There is another theory which states that this has already happened.

— Douglas Adams

JAMES CARSWELL

此兩者。同出而異名。同謂之玄。玄之又玄。衆妙之門

故常無欲。以觀其妙。常有欲。以觀其徼

道可道。非常道。名可名。非常名　無名天地之始。有名萬物之母

Scots, Wha Hae!

Fokker Dr 1

A M Y

C H U

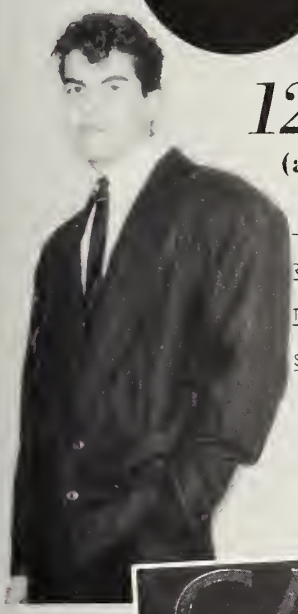
Not in speech or thought do I regard him as a great man, but in his deeds and life.
— Siddhartha by Herman Hesse

If I could, you know I would,
If I could, I would.
Let it go . . .

— U2

INSPIRED ELEGANCE!

GQ



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DARREN "GINO" COOPER

COLLEGE ENTRANCE EXAM

INSTRUCTIONS
Read each question carefully. Answer all questions. Time Limit: four hours. Begin immediately.

HISTORY
Describe the history of the papacy from its origin to the present day, concentrating especially but not exclusively, on its social, political, economic, religious and philosophical impact on Europe, Asia, America and Africa. Be brief, concise, specific.

MEDICINE
You have been provided with a razor blade, a piece of gauze and a bottle of scotch. Remove your appendix. Do not suture until your work has been inspected. You have fifteen minutes.

PUBLIC SPEAKING
2500 riot-crazed aborigines are storming the classroom. Calm them. You may use any ancient language except Latin or Greek.

BIOLOGY
Create life. Estimate the differences in subsequent human culture if this form of life had developed 50 million years earlier, with special attention to its probable effect on the English parliamentary system. Prove your thesis.

MUSIC
Write a piano concerto. Orchestrate and perform it with flute and drum. You will find a piano under your seat.

PSYCHOLOGY
Based on your knowledge of their works evaluate the emotional stability, degree of adjustment and repressed frustrations of each of the following: Alexander of Aphrodites, Ramses II, Gregory of Nicea, Hammurabi. Support your evaluation with quotations from each man's work, making appropriate references. It is not necessary to translate.

SOCIOLOGY
Estimate the sociological problems which might accompany the end of the world. Construct an experiment to test your theory.

ENGINEERING
The disassembled parts of a high-powered rifle have been placed on your desk. You will also find an instruction manual, printed in Swahili. In ten minutes a hungry Bengal tiger will be admitted to the room. Take whatever action you feel appropriate. Be prepared to justify your decision.

ECONOMICS
Develop a realistic plan for refinancing the national debt. Trace the possible effect of your plan in the following areas. Cubism, the Donatist controversy, the wave theory of light. Outline a method for preventing these effects. Criticize this method from all possible points of view. Point out the deficiencies in your point of view, as demonstrated in your answer to the last question.

POLITICAL SCIENCE
There is a red telephone on the desk beside you. Start World War III. Report at length on its socio-political effects if any.

EPISTEMOLOGY
Take a position for or against truth. Prove the validity of your position.

PHYSICS
Explain the nature of matter. Include in your answer an evaluation of the impact of the development of mathematics on science.

PHILOSOPHY
Sketch the development of human thought and estimate its significance. Compare with the development of any other kind of thought.

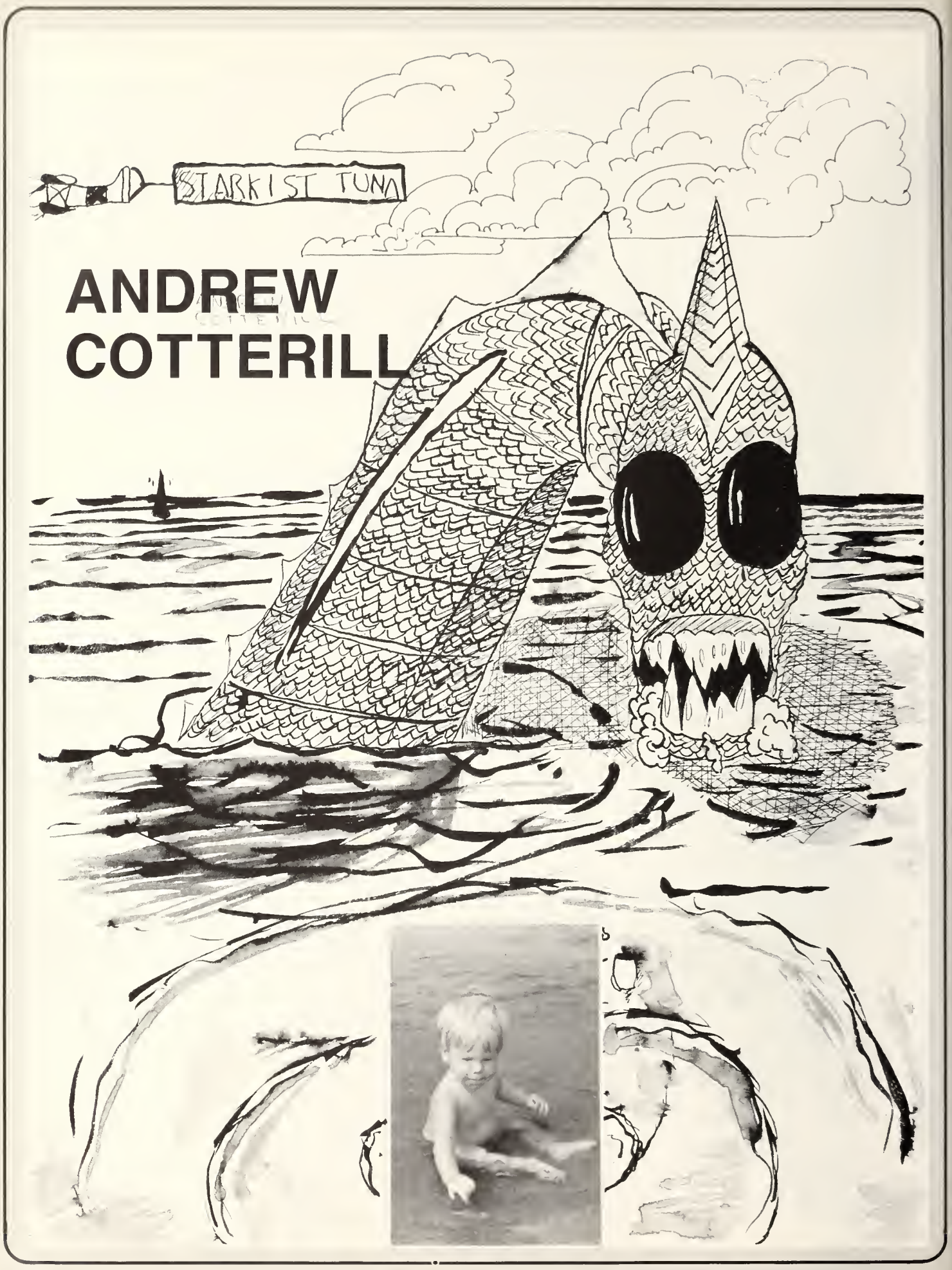
ASTRONOMY
Define the universe. Give three examples.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE
Describe in detail. Be objective and specific. ...Thanks to U of A for this great exam!

GARGOYLES®

I'm dead for
this test!!!!
I'm gonna
wing it
I'm serious!

ANDREW COTTERILL



JEFF CURRAN

Granola

I sit here and reflect on all that I've heard and all that I've seen.
The memories come in and go away.

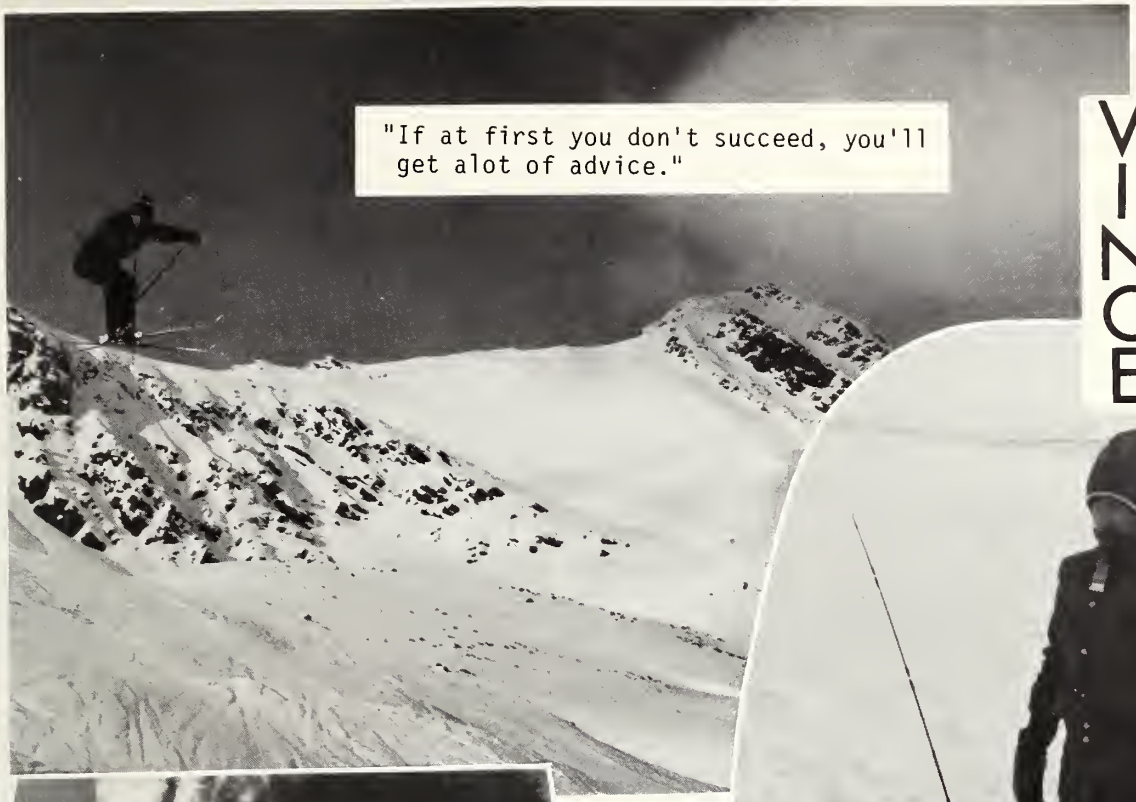
CHERYL DOOLEY

It doesn't matter
If this all shatters,
Nothing lasts forever.

Depeche Mode

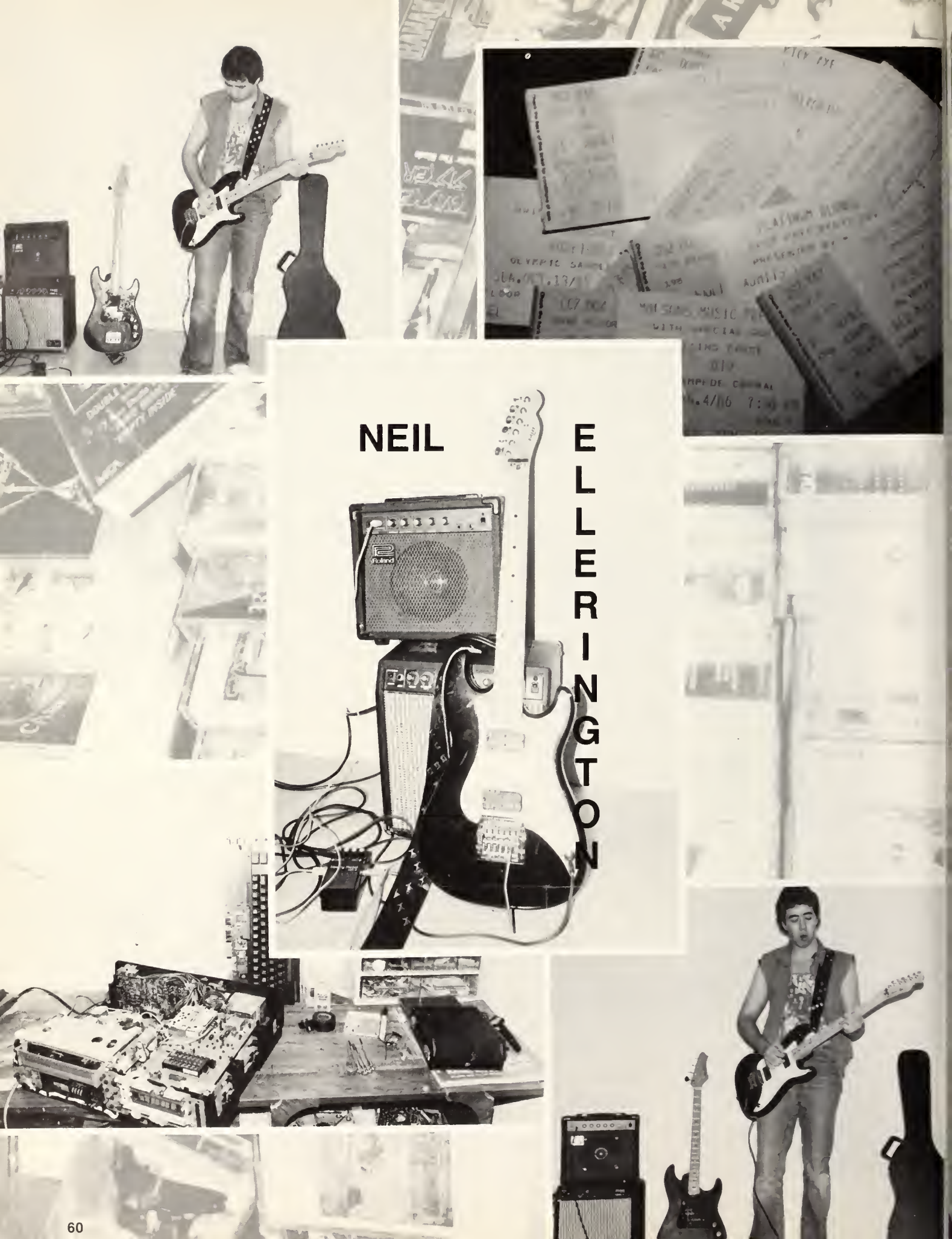
Everybody goes, leaving those
Who fall behind.
Everybody goes as far as they can,
They don't just care.

This Mortal Coil



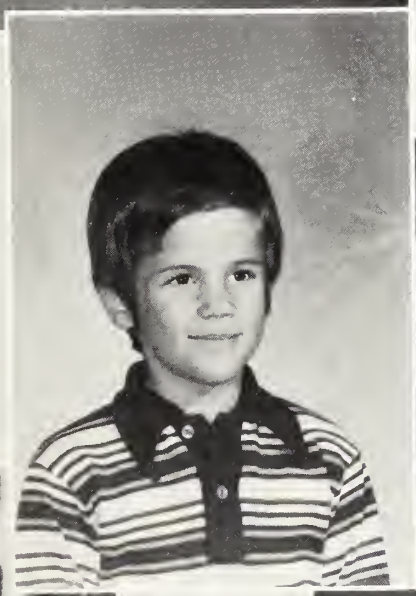
VINCE

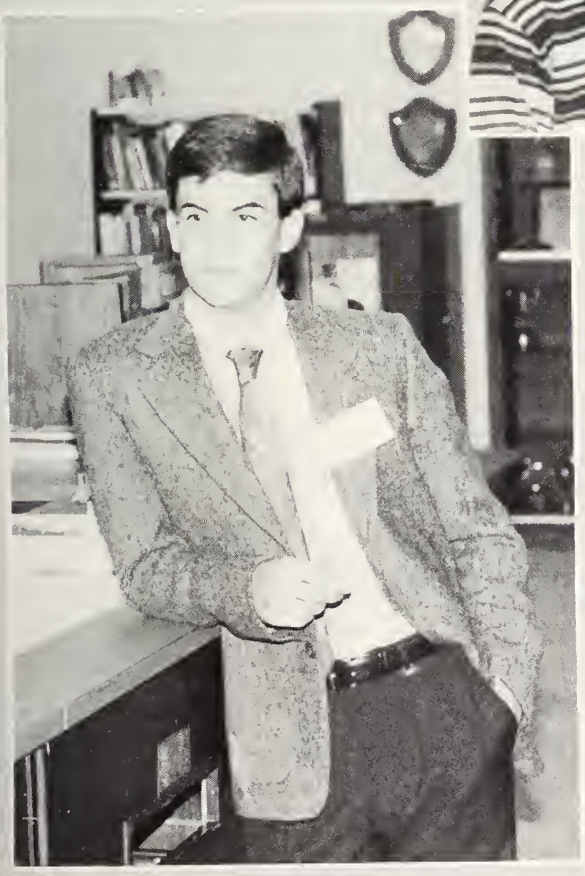
ELENKO


NEIL
ELLERINGTON

BRIAN ELLIOTT

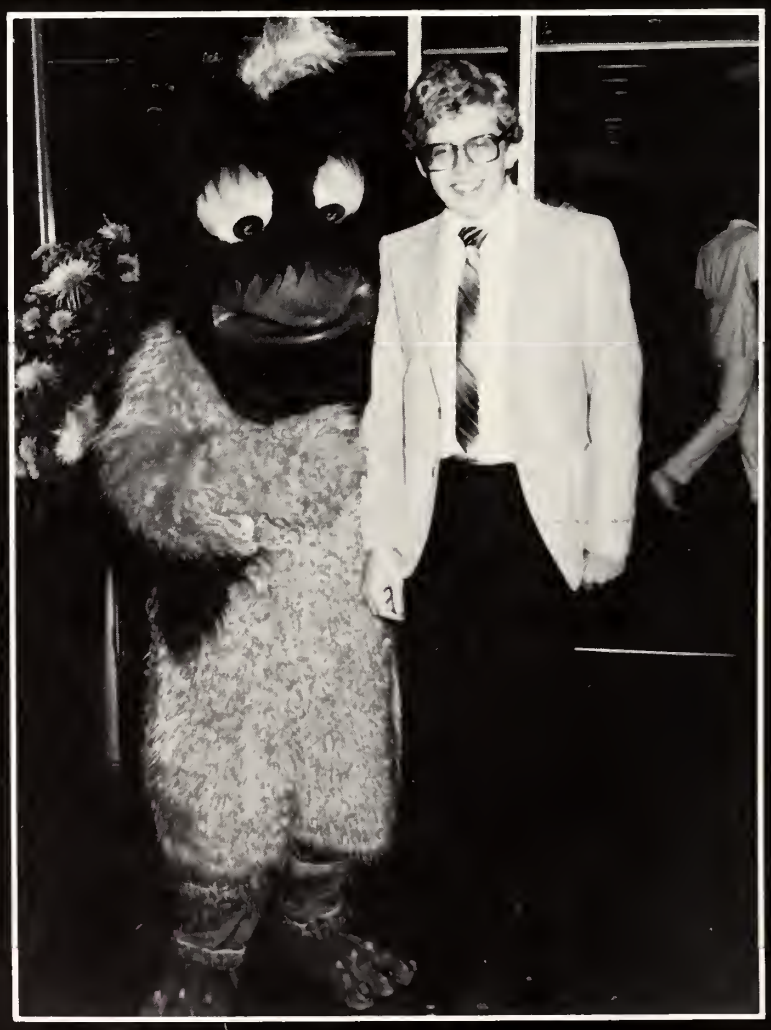
"Time Waits
For
No Man"





"Stand tall, don't think small,
Don't get your back against
the wall"

CHRISTOPHER EMPETT



SEC.
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GAME 40
CALGARY
vs.
EDMONTON
FRI., APR. 4, 1986
7:30 P.M.
OLYMPIC SADDLEDOME

AXEL FEHRES

F.C. BAYERN
MÜNCHEN E.V.
Europacup der Landesmeister 74 75 76
Meister 1932 1968 1972 1973 1974 1980
Europacup der Pokalsieger 1967
Deutscher Pokalsieger 1957 1966 1969

WORLD GYM
mistral
"Though this be madness, yet there is method in it."
aquata
DAVE FEICK
STILL GROWING
NO GUTS ; NO GLORY
MacGregor
THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF
LANGE
Tii

ALEXANDER FERGUSON

MARNIE FUDGE

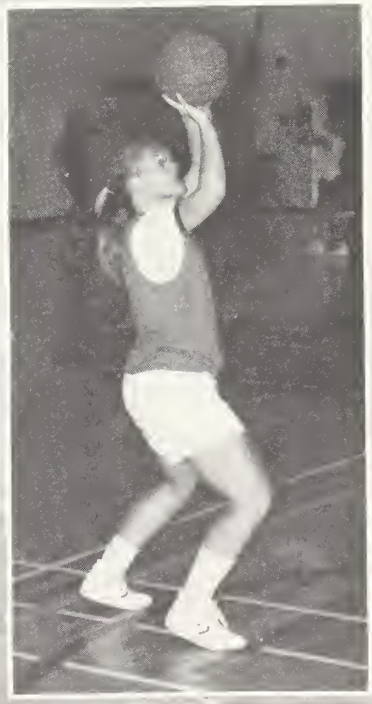
DIMITRIOS JIM GIANNOULIS

Wild things
may say
wild things!

EMILY

GRIFFIN

JENNIFER HEWSON



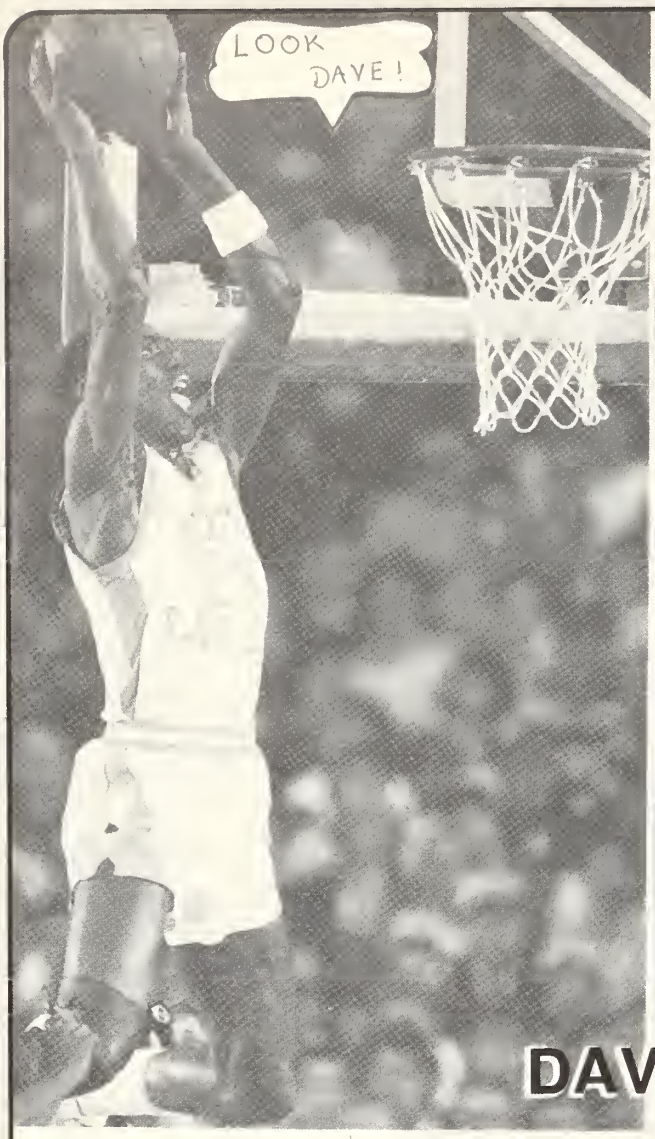
PANAGIOTA KOUSINIORIS

If I can stop one heart from breaking
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

Emily Dickinson

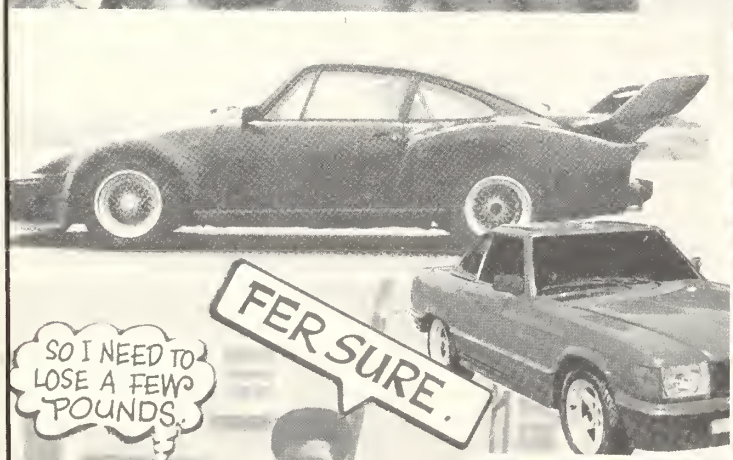
MEREDITH LAURENCE

Life's What You Make It


LOOK DAVE!

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?

DAVID LEACH



SO I NEED TO LOSE A FEW POUNDS..
FER SURE.

NO PROB, MIKE.

We cannot discover new oceans — unless we have the courage to lose sight of the shore.

FINAL departure from STS, June, '87

BARB LUCKHURST

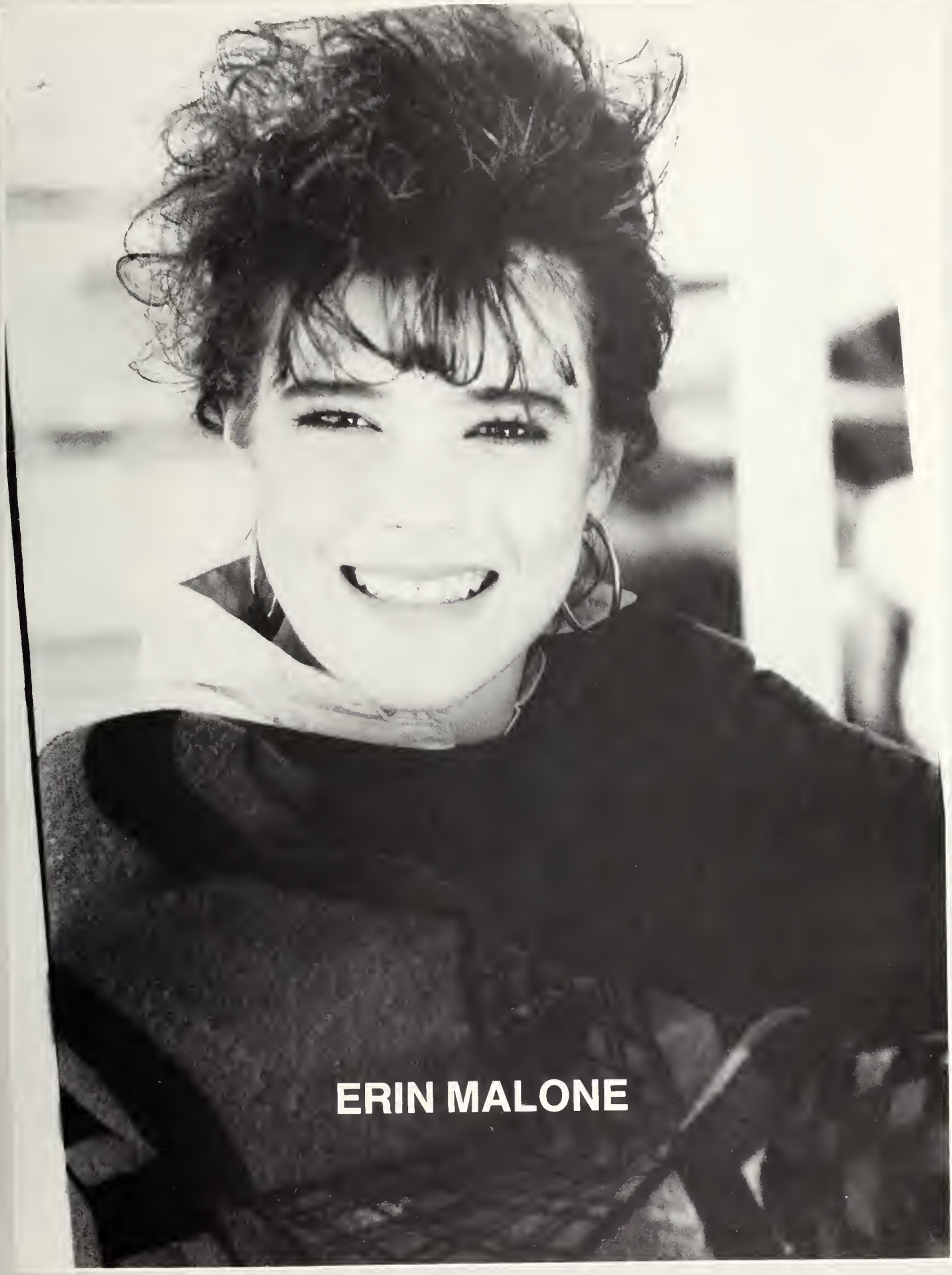
"How do you plead to the charge of speeding?"

ANNE-MARIE LYNCH

It is not logical. It makes no sense...

It must be love

Life's what you make it . . .
Talk Talk

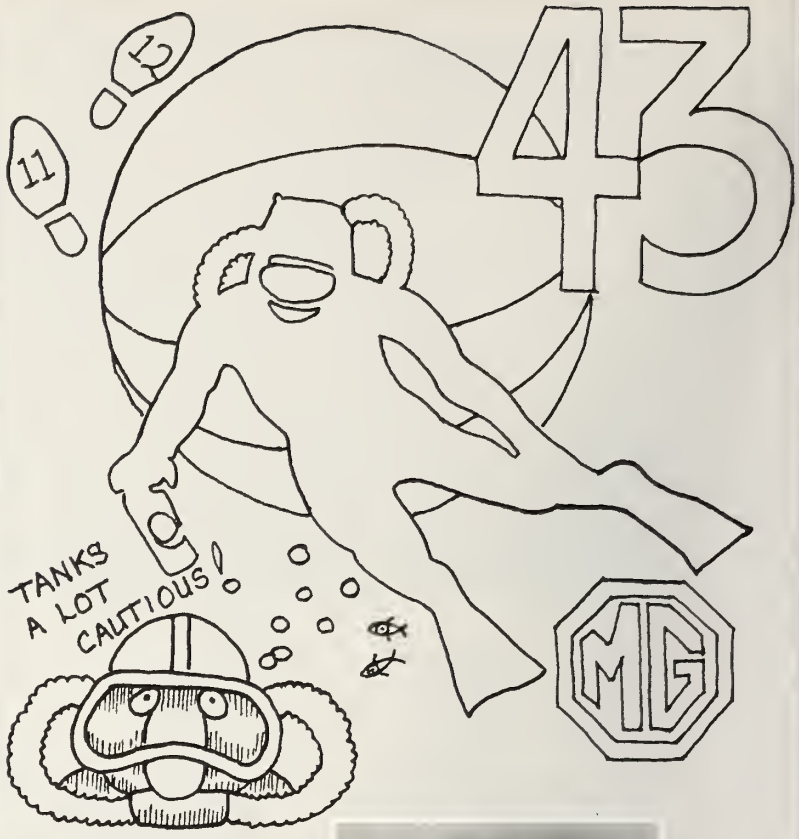

ERIN MALONE

ROB MARTIN

"Anybody can be a millionaire, so everybody's gotta try."

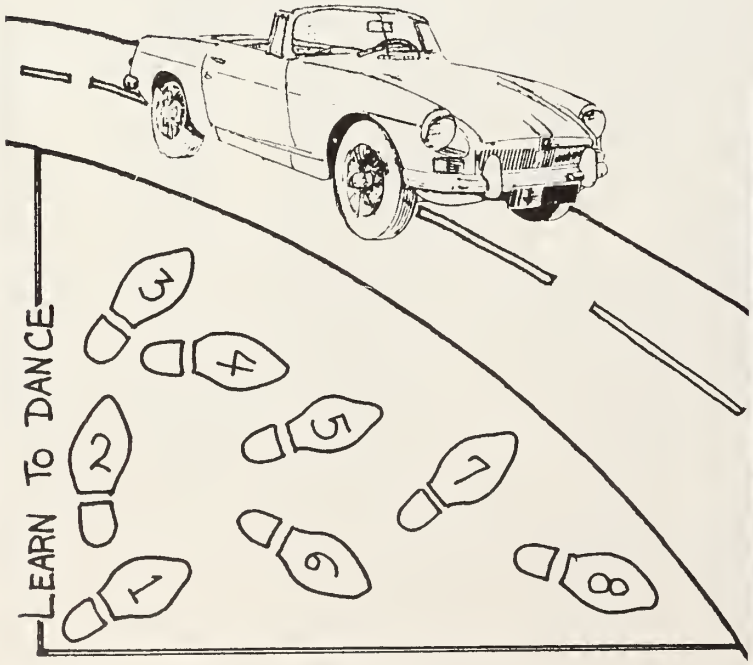
— The The

Sarah
McDonald
I Get By With A Little Help . . .



STEVEN MERCER

"Two roads diverged in a wood, and I —
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference."
— Robert Frost



STEPHANIE MILES

There are cobwebs all over the ceiling, get the "brum".

Whatever is not clear must be in French.

MARK MILLER

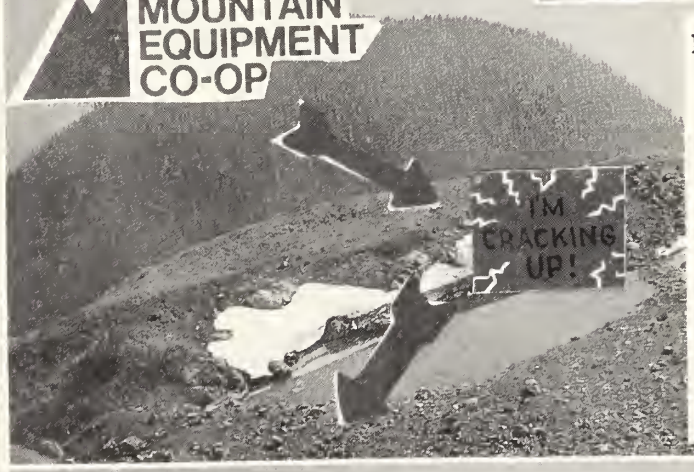
Ford

COLES notes

LIVE LONG AND PROSPER.
[Mr. Spock]

Famous last words:
Don't worry, there's never any cops along here.

MOUNTAIN EQUIPMENT CO-OP



BEST HOW-TO BOOKS:
HOW-TO get chased by heads.
Vince Elenko
HOW-TO get chased by negros.
Dave Feick
HOW-TO get the most expensive speeding ticket.
Alec Ferguson
HOW-TO steal someone's story.
Jeff Curran
HOW-TO drive without paying attention.
Darren Cooper
HOW-TO look like a surfer without knowing how.
Dave Singh

Mike Budd's O.E. forecast:
Increasing darkness with scattered light towards morning.

Revised edition:
Increasing pain with scattered death towards morning.

STOP

M O N I Q U E

Your running with me
Don't touch the ground
We're the restless hearted
Not the chained and bound.

The sky is burning
Sea of flame
Though your world is changing
I will be the same.

The storm is breaking
Or so it seems
We're too young to reason
Too grown up to dream.

Now spring is turning
Your face to mine
I can hear your laughter
I can see you smile.

Bryan Ferry

M I L L S

CAROLYN MUNNOCH

To Class of '88:
"Don't hurry, don't worry. You're only here for a short visit. So be sure to stop and smell the flowers."
Walter C. Hagen

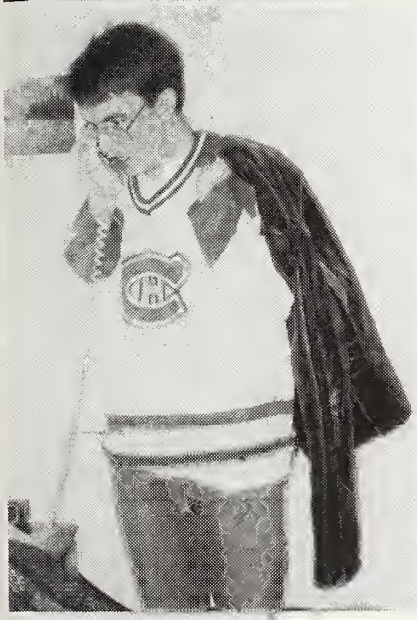
Freedom is the recognition of necessity.

"Humanity reaches as far as love reaches; it has no frontiers except those we give it."
Italo Calvino

Alea iacta est.
J. Caesar

If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away.
Henry David Thoreau

BRIAN NICHOL



If civilization is to survive, we must cultivate the science of human relationships — the ability of all peoples, of all kinds, to live together, in the same world at peace.
Franklin D. Roosevelt

Biology 30 Satis Eloquentiae, Sapientiae Parum

When the music is sweeter, the stars are brighter, and the nights more romantic than ever before.

Or those sun-kissed days when time disappears. Cares and worries drift out to sea. And you give in to every temptation.

ROYAL PRINCESS

GIORGIO

Beverly Hills

Guy Laroche

Paris

Paco rabanne pour homme:
what is remembered is up to you.

AKBAR NIMJI

OBSESSION

The memory of past favors
is like a rainbow, bright, vivid,
and beautiful, but it soon fades away.
The memory of injuries is engraved
on the heart, and remains forever.

— Haliburton

TARA O'BRIEN

ANDREA MARIE OLAH

You can't separate peace from freedom, because no one can be at peace unless he has freedom.

— Malcolm X

Thanks for the memories
Love, Murtle

ANNEMARIE PEDERSEN

No man is a failure
Who has friends.

JEFF PERCIVAL

CHRISTINA JOAN RICCIUTI

John Selby

He jumps,

he flies,

he lands,

. . . . he dies

DAVE
SINGH

GOTCHA

QUIKSILVER

THE ORIGINATOR

NOT THE IMITATION

If you've got a good thing, test the limits.

GOIN HAWAI BOUND?

JOANNE

SIRED

American Cooperative School
Monrovia, Liberia

KATIE TAVENDER

My Teddy Bear Is A Communist

CAB DRIVER–

No driver's license necessary. Should be unfamiliar with city. Foreigner with no knowledge of English preferred, although we will also consider alcoholic ex-racing driver if he has high accident record. Deuce Cab Co. 210 W Main.

BARBADOS

AIRLINES FLIGHT ANNOUNCER — toothless, with speech impediment, for pleasant, congenial job at airport confusing and housing up would-be passengers. Previous experience as unintelligible train-announcer at railroad station would be helpful. If your voice is almost impossible to understand and you like to speak with a paper bag over your head, you might be the man we're looking for! Write — DON'T CALL — Manager, City Airport.

AIRL RECEPN AGT TO $430

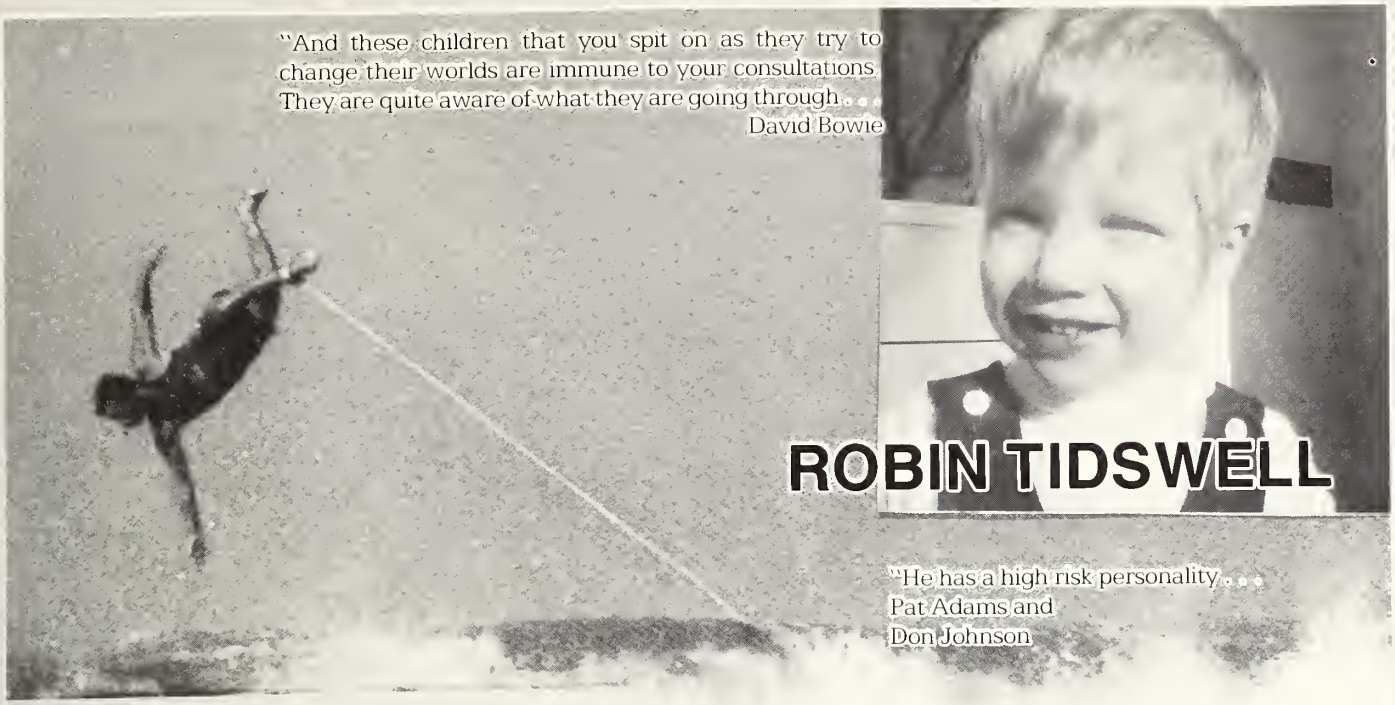
HAWAII

TRACEY THOMPSON

WAITER—

Surly, unshaven, slow-moving, mistake-prone slob with dirty fingernails, unpleasant body odor, bad breath and contagious skin disease, for work in swanky restaurant. Apply at Kelly & Horowitz's Chinese Pizzeria. AFTER we eat dinner, not before!

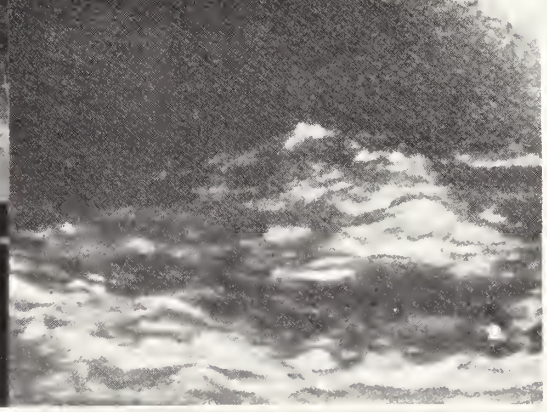
"And these children that you spit on as they try to change their worlds are immune to your consultations. They are quite aware of what they are going through. . . .
David Bowie



ROBIN TIDSWELL

"He has a high risk personality. . . .
Pat Adams and
Don Johnson

"Nothing dies harder than the desire to think well of oneself."
T. S. Elliot



give
peace
a
chance ☮

LINNEA TURNQUIST

AISHA UMAR

Au Revoir

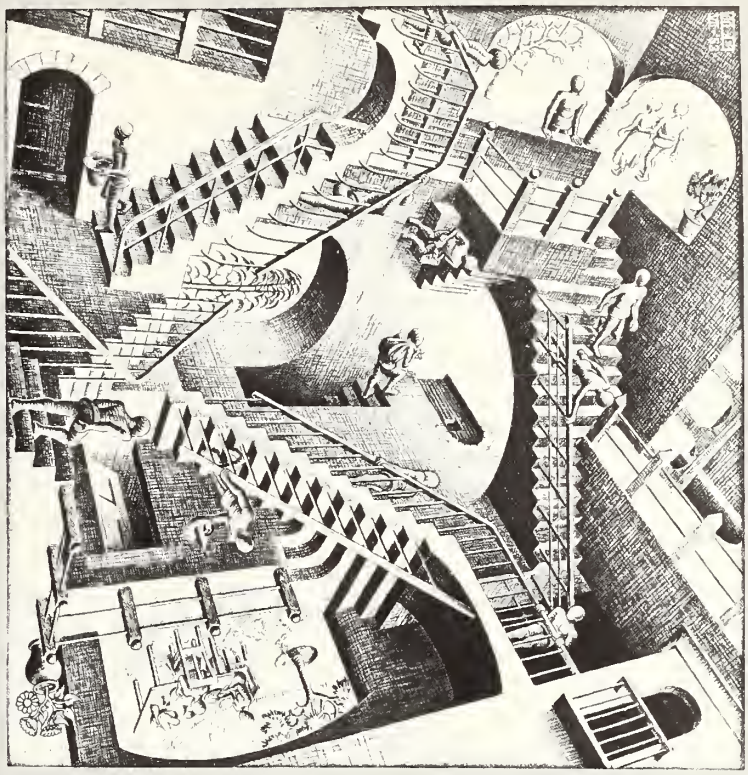
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

ANDREW WILSON

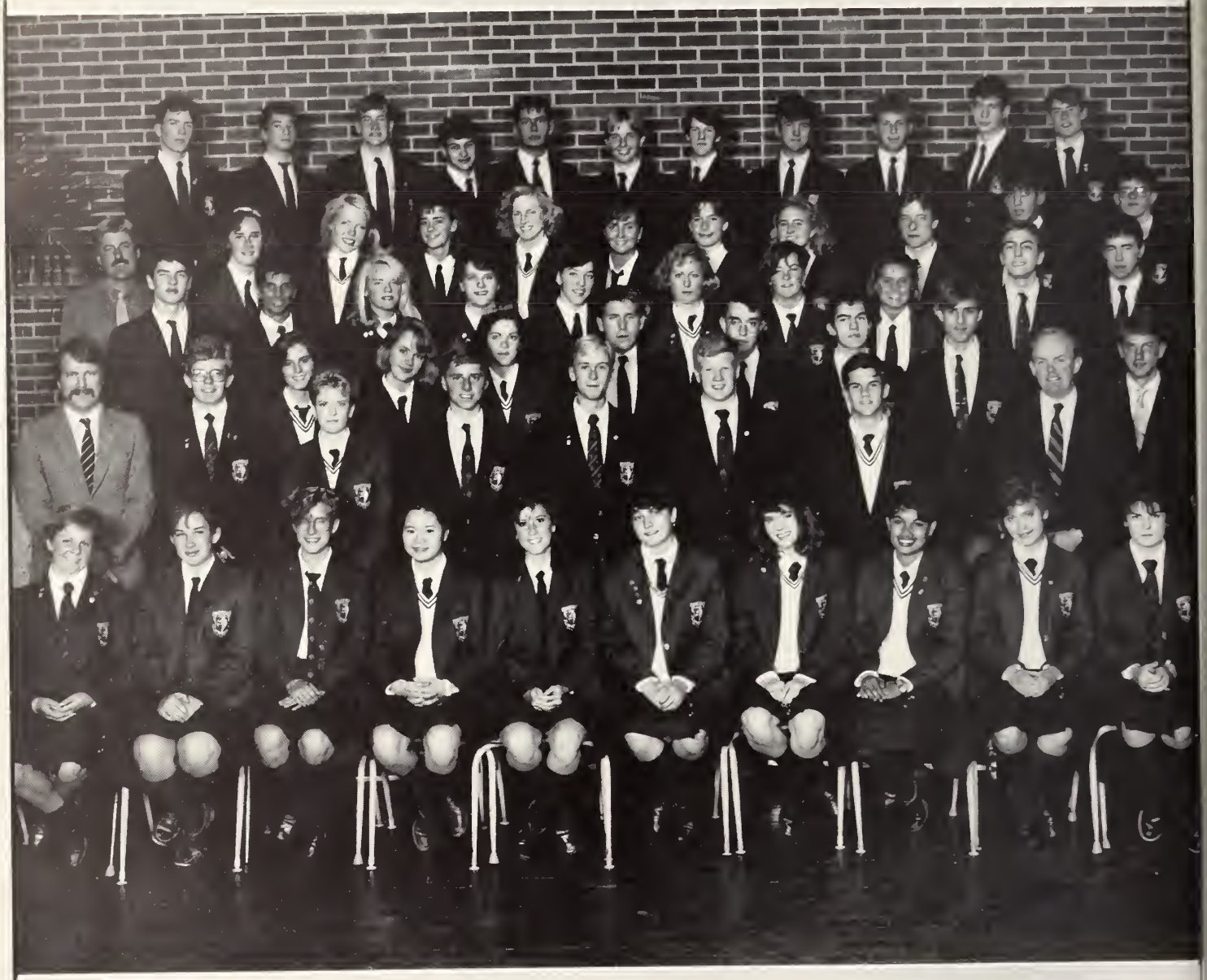
I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I —
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Robert Frost



RAIMOND ZEILSTRA

Good–bye for now!



CLASS OF 1987

GRADE TWELVE GRADUATION — PALLISER HOTEL — JUNE 13, 1987

SENIOR HIGH LITERATURE

LOCKE POETRY CONTEST 1986–1987

"SUNSET"

Pinks and purples mix with the blue sky,
which is already darkening with night's arrival.
Fluffy white clouds are bathed in the hue.
They turn to pink, cotton candy in the sky.
To orange, liquid fire,
or to blue–purple, rich,
like nothing on Earth.
Slowly, the sun sinks behind the mountains,
more beautiful in death than
most Earthly wonders in life.
Then the sky darkens,
leaving the heavens blank and dull.

Suddenly a pinprick of light pierces the darkness,
not as necessary as the sun,
but easily as beautiful.
A single star gives life to the sky.

WINNER — KATIE HARSE

"DREAMS"

Looking for a secret passage
Underneath a squeaky board
A single tarnished penny
Becomes a pirate's hoard

A rocking horse that flies,
A teddy bear that talks,
A unicorn with violet eyes
Jumps off the wall, and walks

Fairies dancing on the lawn
Tiny stars that light the way
Disappear before the dawn
Gone before the break of day

Picture of a magic land
Merry painted ponies whirl
Hourglass with slipping sand
Measures time as dreams unfurl

Living soldiers made of tin
Waging war in miniature
Penny whistles keeping time
"Tomorrow I'll grow up, for sure

"Good–night Mummy, good–night Daddy."

— KATIE HARSE

Deer Hunt

The deer run and dodge,
Trying to escape,
The following jeeps speed along,
Trying to follow.
Green jeeps move unerringly,
Guiding no . . . herding,
Skinny, spindly legs,
About to snap off.
God's country — open land,
Suddenly closes to a dead end,
Slender bodies skid to a halt,
cramming against the cliff wall.
Their curiosity and terror,
Shimmers in the breeze,
Snowy eyes stare wonderingly,
Gentle, beautiful, panic.
The director's voice,
Overcomes the silence,
"SHOOT!" Shoot shoot shoot,
Echoes throughout the valley —
Strong, bold impressions,
Printed on film,
Forever . . . everlasting,
is the quiver of their lips
and the flicker of their tails.
Skitterish bucks and does,
Perk ears with awareness,
As once again the wind blows,
and, emotions silence.
The voice repeats itself,
causing shaky eyes to widen,
"SHOOT!" Shoot shoot shoot,
echoes throughout the valley.
Strong, bold impressions,
Are caught once more,
of small — round — hard pellets,
tearing into soft tender flesh.
A dozen limp bodies fall,
slamming roughly onto the forest floor,
lifeless — forever still,
Never to leap and prance again.
Strong, bold impressions,
Bring them back to life,
Forever . . . everlasting,
Is the quiver of their lips
and flicker of their tails.

FIRST RUNNER–UP — ANDREW COTTERILL

"APARTHEID"

WHITE

black

SECOND RUNNER–UP — SAMANTHA LOUCKS

Remembrance Day '86

Of the twelve who had gone into battle that day, only four remained. They sat in various poses around the tent, in various states of injury. A pale, long-legged youth with his left arm in a sling pulled a harmonica out of his back pocket and blew an experimental note. Three heads lifted as the sound reverberated through the silence. All they had heard for two weeks was machine gun fire. The boy began to play, and the soft, sweet sounds brought tears to the eyes of those listening, even the crusty old sargeant, who whistled softly through his chipped teeth. The clean-cut lieutenant hummed meditatively. The youngest of them, a boy of seventeen, began to sing, his voice cracking at first, then settling into an easy rhythm, with the alto of a choirboy.

"Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound . . ." It made them think of home, and family, and church on Sundays, with apple pies baking in the oven, and Grandfather talking of, what he called, hard times. They almost forgot where they were, and what they were doing there . . . until another noise sounded. A whistling noise, and then an explosion, and the notes of the hymn echoed for a second, then were shattered as the bomb struck. The old sargeant fell forward, his face pouring blood; the lieutenant's clear, dark eyes opened wide with shock; the seventeen year-old choirboy whined like a hurt puppy, and the noise caught in his throat, as the blood rose, and he died. The sandy-haired youth with the long legs was hurled backwards by the force of the explosion, still clutching the harmonica.

Then there was silence.

The harmonica will never play again, but for a moment there was music, and, for a moment, there was peace.

— KATIE HARSE

Katie Harse is the winner of the 1986–1987 Short Story Contest. However, due to the length of her story, entitled "Anarchy", it was impossible to include it in the yearbook. So, in place of it, is one of her shorter works entitled "Remembrance Day 1986".

ESSAY CONTEST 1986–1987

DIRECTIONS

Destiny. Many believe it is the governing factor of human existence, a predetermined course of events in each person's life. Yet if the fates cannot be persuaded to alter the destiny of an individual, then one must hope that the course they have chosen agrees with the aspirations and goals of the individual himself. For myself, I am basically aware of what direction I would like my life to take; whether it is the fates, God, or my own intelligence that will point me in this direction and keep me on course, I cannot know. It is entirely possible that my life may take a major "detour", as a result of unforeseen events, thus turning out completely different from what I had planned. All I can hope is that I remain true to my own ideals and beliefs, and the philosophies that I have adopted from certain important people in my upbringing.

There are many aspects of life that I intend to experience, a few being travel, learning new skills, meeting new people; however, my main loves and interests have always been, and will probably continue to be, dancing and ranching. Neither, however, is rich in material rewards; therefore, I am faced with a dilemma. It has always been my belief that, while others may plan to be rich and hope to be happy, I would rather plan to be happy and hope to be rich. I am aware this could be dismissed as a very idealistic view, but it makes a great deal of sense to me; the problem being that I doubt I would be very happy poor. As a result, I must plan my life carefully — or at least roughly outline my objectives — and hope that the direction I take approaches this plan. So, rather than make a rigid, blood–written, day–by–day scheme for my life for the next fifty years, I would prefer to simply keep in mind my goals and objectives for the future. I want to dance professionally, earn a University degree, ride and train horses, travel, learn new languages, and, very importantly, I want to remain close to my rural, agricultural, background. My greatest dream is, once I've accomplished all of the above, to return to the back country and live on the land, on my own or my family's ranch, thus returning to my roots — to what is important in my life.

I know that I have just compiled a long list of goals that would seem to require a life–time to complete. Yet I have no doubt that I can accomplish it all, relatively quickly, for I believe that if a person has a goal, he will reach it, provided he is willing to work unceasingly and make sacrifices to that end.

Such a philosophy, that one can succeed at anything with enough determination, motivation, and courage, has been ingrained in me since childhood. This is largely thanks to my parents, but it is also due to some other, key individuals who have greatly influenced my way of life and my choices for the future.

One of these people is my dance instructor, Marg Poland. Among other things, she has proven to me that I can conquer the limits of my mind, thus increasing my physical abilities, in dance and in life. As an example, I once thought that certain steps, such as triple pirouettes, were impossible to master. As a result of this negative attitude, my body could not perform that step, regardless of how intensely I concentrated or how frustrated I became. Once I realized, however, that I was capable, and that it was simply mind over matter, I found I was spinning off three and more pirouettes at a time, proving that one's mind can be the greatest obstacle in striving to reach a goal. Marg has taught me that the word "can't" does not exist — there is always a way. Once I learned this basic secret of success, I could see how many people I have admired who had also learned that "can't" is not a viable way of life and who carried on with their dreams and goals despite obstacles and handicaps. This is a philosophy of life which I hope to always retain.

Another individual who, although I doubt he knows it, has had an enormous influence on my life, is Bert Cochlan. Bert is a retired rodeo cowboy and rancher who lives deep within the foothills of Southern Alberta, tending cattle and riding the range. It is difficult for me to define my exact reasons for admiring this man so deeply — I envy his simple, honest life–style (he lives without many ameneties of life such as indoor plumbing), and I have great respect and love for him. What I admire most

about Bert, however, is his attitude towards life. He lives one day at a time, enjoying the present and everything it has to offer without lingering in the past or rushing out to greet the future. If I asked him to explain his philosophy of life, Bert would probably just chuckle and say, "Don't try to figure life out, Darlin', just live it". It is not difficult to understand Bert's whole philosophy; it is manifest in the manner in which he lives, the way he treats his friends and family, in the way he talks. Once, when I was confused and distraught, having to make a decision about my future, I sought Bert's advice. He basically outlined his beliefs and way of life: I have only one life, therefore I must make the most of it, while never losing sight of what is important to me, my family, friends, honesty to myself and others, the land — and never forfeiting my happiness, especially for money. This is a philosophy by which I hope I can live, and one which I would advise other confused people consider.

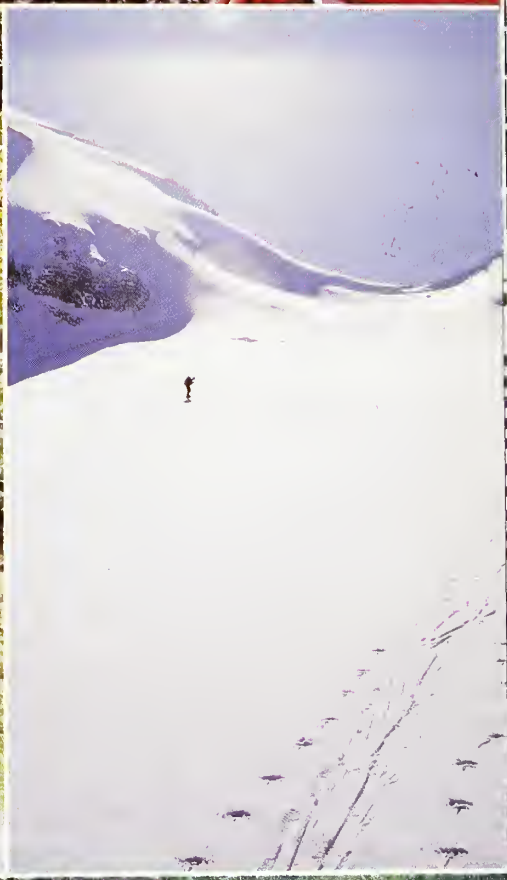
My grandfather, one of those people who never learned to think "can't", also imparted an excellent piece of wisdom from his seventy–six years of life. He told me, when obstacles arise to thwart my objectives and goals, to change what I could, learn to live with what I could not change, and use those unchangeable factors to my advantage.

When I meet new people, I will remember the advice a long–time and dear friend of my family's, Gid Garstad, gave me about relationships and friendships: Friendships are not based on sham or pretence; friends know and appreciate each other's qualities and shortcomings and accept each other for what they are.

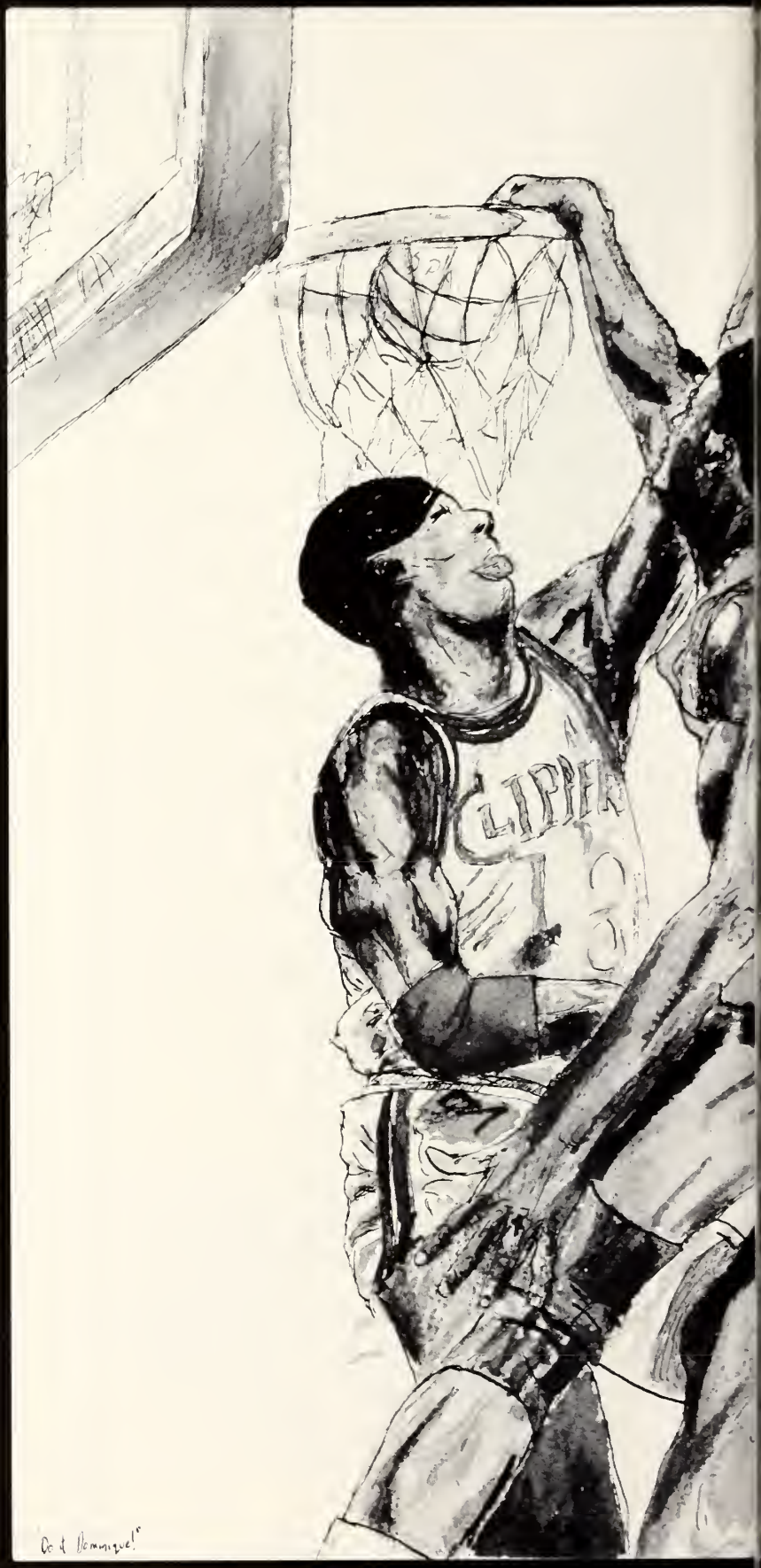
Hopefully, my life will unfold somewhat according to my expectations, and I will make everyone — my parents, grandparents, Marg, Bert, Gid, and the many others who have influenced me, however slightly, proud of who I am and what I believe in — proud of what I've accomplished, who I have become. Regardless of what happens, I know that if I remain true to the philosophies that I have been taught, I can do nothing but succeed.

WINNER — CELIA BRASSO

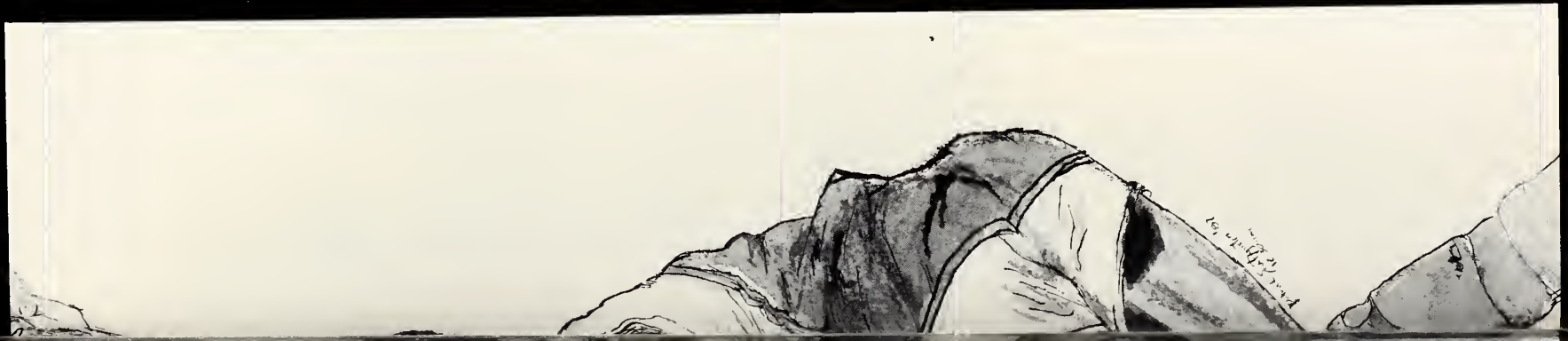
DUCKWHERE



Coleman


CLIPPER
7

SPORTS



We'll give you our b
on your way to the top

JUNIOR 'A' BOYS' VOLLEYBALL

Back Row: Eric Hyndman, Mark Pirie, Mark Beattie, Parry Johnson, Peter Stewart, Paulose Paul. **Middle Row:** Giles Langley, Peter Hoang, Jack Schneider, Rob Culver, Mr. Colborne. **Front Row:** Paul McGrath, Alec Elmore, Rupert Evans, Brandon Delf.

Pages for the powerful

Our reputation is always on the line

The price of male rage

The Chernobyl fallou

Trouble in tranquillity

SAVE ENOUGH TO BUY 262 LOVELY PINK FLAMINGOS.

A manic quarter in the fast lane

JUNIOR BOYS' 'B' VOLLEYBALL

Back Row: Cherlyn Cameron, Robert Scott, Steven Feick, Angus Turner. **Middle Row:** Mark Perkins, Robert Pierce, Drew Hyndman, Cameron Baker, Mrs. Rodney. **Front Row:** Travis McConnell, Michael Belenkie, Ioannis Kousinioris, Ryan Horn.

attack pack

IN SEARCH OF PRIVACY

30,000 DIE WHILE

JUNIOR 'A' GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL

Back Row: Nadia Herb, Penny McDermid, Dana Mendham, Shaun 'Mihn' O'Brien. **Middle Row:** Stephanie Angus, Ms. Samson, Andrea Hay, Mrs. Goldsworthy. **Front Row:** Stephanie Smith, Dara Sutton, Sabrina Grobler, Mary Angus.

An intoxicating sense of the beauti

FIVE KEYS TO WIMP ROCK SUCCESS

1) Wear silk bell bottoms.
2) Shut up and sing what you're told.
3) Smile a lot without understanding why it is you're smiling.
4) Claim to like your parents.
5) Do all of the above, and somehow still avoid having an image.

The love goddess who died alone

ducks in a row. The future of the games

JUNIOR 'B' GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL

ALL WE NEED IS YOU.

Back Row: Jennifer Upitis, Rachael Owens, Stacy Rozsa, Katy Stewart, Amy Eisenberg, Christina Zolotas. Mr. Blais in his own row. **Middle Row:** Roxanne Elenko, Danielle Keller, Rebecca Miller, Alexandra Luckhurst, Rachael Scott. **Front Row:** Louisa Sigurdson, Brenda Varnam, Sabrina Neumann, Nancy Angus.

Tree Bandits

When the Shooting Stars

Solid as The Rock

Featuring HARRIET & STANLEY PARKER

A SOUTHERN THING HAS NO PLACE HERE.

Doing more for you

The Kitten that roared

Heroes of the underworld

"GRANDMA NEEDED SOMEONE TO SQUEEGEE HER KITCHEN FLOOR RIGHT AWAY!"

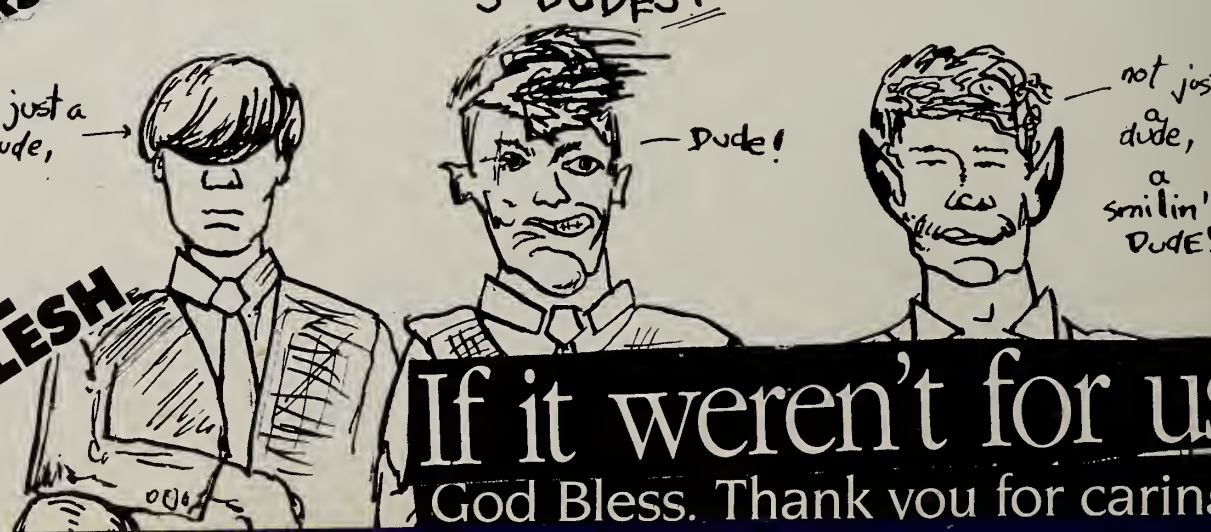
SENIOR MEN'S VOLLEYBALL

Back Row: Mr. Koning, Brian Wood, Bill Wright, Doug Laird, Geoff Upitis, Mr. Blais. **Middle Row:** David Singh, Scott McDermid, Chris Curran, Cam Ashley, Ray Zeilstra. **Front Row:** Rob Laird, Brett 'Beach' Lebourveau, Dave 'Smiles' Leach.

Communism's Old Men

ARBIE AND
HE ROCKERS

HE DEVIL
N THE FLESH



If it weren't for us.
God Bless. Thank you for caring.

Here are classic gems

SENIOR GIRLS, VOLLEYBALL

It's More you.

—MAIL ORDER MAKEOVERS—

Back Row: Jill Murray, Cherlyn Cameron, Marlo Taillon. **Middle Row:** Ms. Harper, Sandra Anderson, Catherine Angus, Susan Anderson. **Front Row:** Linnea Turnquist, Jennifer Hewson.

Equipped to Entertain

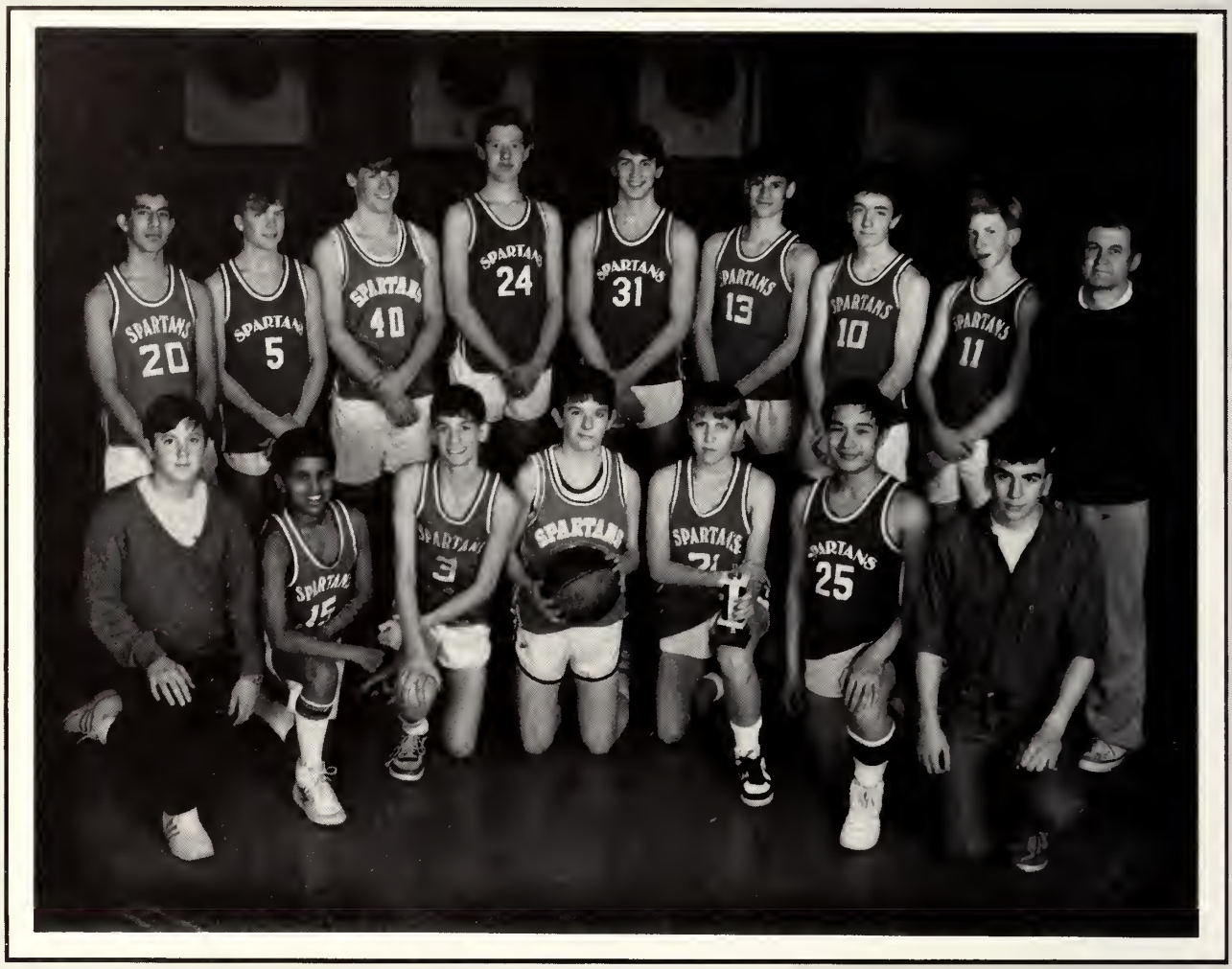
Long live the resistance.

BEST BUYS

MAN OR WINGNUT?

JUNIOR 'A' MEN'S BASKETBALL

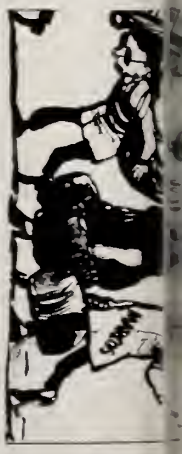
These are the ladies' counterparts . . .



They are not men, they are machines.

Back Row: "The Forwards" Raj Gohill, Mark Beattie, Alec Elmore, Rupert Evans, Paul McGrath, Brandon Delf, Rod Evans, Brett Matthews, Mr. Schmit (coach). **Front Row:** "The Guards" Jeff Gibb, Paulose Paul, Matt Tedford, Ryan Harris, Parry Johnson, Peter Hoang and . . . looking stylish . . . Mihn's counterpart . . . DAVID LANE!!

shock-proof
Long-Delayed Date
THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY
Reebok
Because life is not a spectator sport.®



MY FELLOW PEASANTS

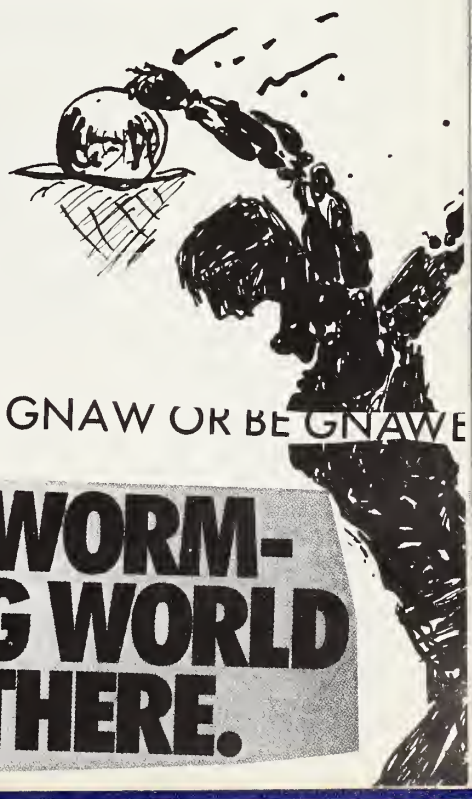
Hard Words, Harsh Action

JUNIOR 'A' BOYS' BASKETBALL

Back Row: Mr. Pinnell, Eric Hyndman, Terry Blumes, Mike Belenkie, Steven Caplan, Steve Feick, Dave Grout, Brett Habijanac, Ryan Sidorsky, Drew Hyndman. **Front Row:** Angus Turner, Justin Perron, Andrew Brooks, Mark Perkins.

become an investment fad

THE FRINGE DWELLER



Look, Jane. See Spot.
See Spot run.
Run, Spot, run.
Jane sees Spot run.

"Our Way is the Sure Way"

IT'S A WORM-EAT-DOG WORLD OUT THERE.

PREMIUM IS PREMIUM.

ow You Can Replace
at with
uscle... Have
n "Iron Slab"
tomach...

t's Easy ——
And We'll Prove
t To You ---
ctually SEE
mprovement
very Day!

Invading the nation's bedrooms

JUNIOR 'A' LADIES' BASKETBALL

HERE THEY ARE!

SHOWING THEIR GREAT DEXTERITY!

Top Row: Roxanne Wong, Penny McDermid. **Second Row:** Brenda Varnam, Dana Mendham, Stacy Hyndman. **Bottom Row:** Kim Park, Alexandra Luckhurst, Sabrina Grobler, Jennifer Whyte. And . . . in her sensuous pose . . . SHAUN 'MIHN' O'BRIEN!!!

AWARD-WINNING CONTROL.

loody Blow to an Open Society

NBA

BE ALL YOU CAN BE.

JAGUAR
A BLENDING OF ART AND MACHINE.

Great shots

GROOMING GEAR FOR REAL GUYS.

IT'S IN YOUR HANDS.

ENTER THE REALM OF SATAN!

JUNIOR 'B' GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Well, would you look at this! Quite the bunch!

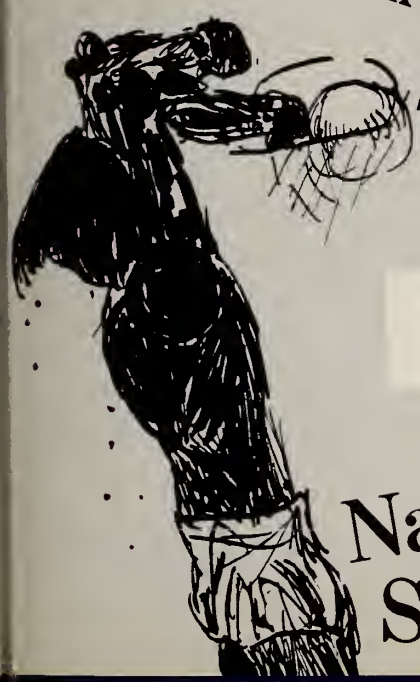
So advanced, it makes the tough shots simple!

FREE!
Universal Bodybuilding Dept. 25
Lock Box 6694 Detroit, MI 48240
Name
Address
City
State
Zip

A complex matter

A Lady Killer Stalks

A question of ethics



Back Row: Mrs. Harvey. **Semi-Circle:** Rachael Scott, Heidi McDonald, Nancy Angus, Louisa Sigurdson, Andrea Simon, Carrie Jardine, Stacy Rozsa, Laura Sharp, Geeta Verma, Karilee Johnsen, Paige Hunt. **Centre:** Rachael Owens.

Natural instincts Tourist Attraction.

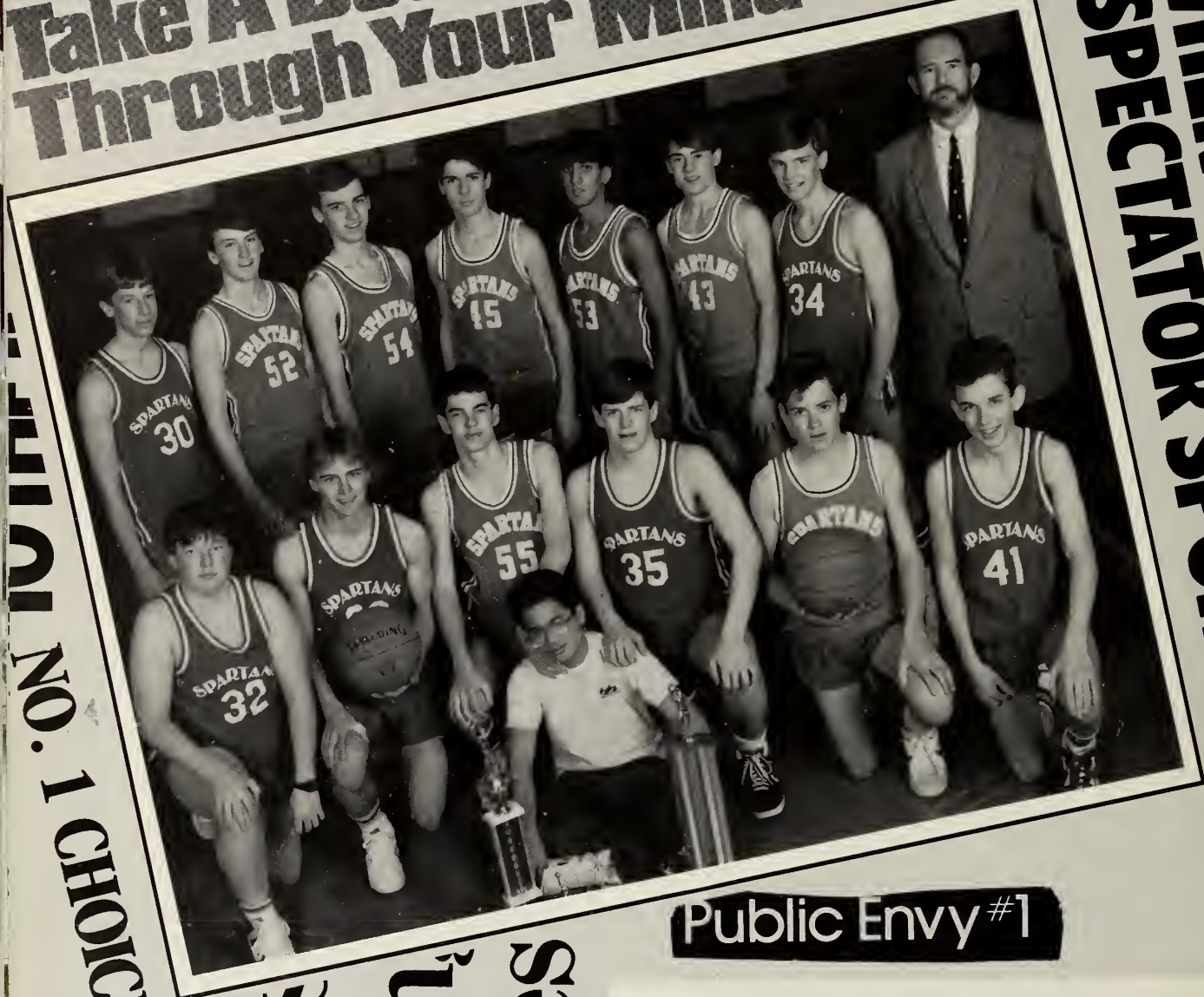
Swing, sleek and playful

Mass killing and chaos

SIZE 13 to 15

SENIOR MEN'S BASKETBALL

Take A Detour Through Your Mind



WHEN DEATH WAS A SPECTATOR SPORT

NO. 1 CHOICE

The NBA's Unsung Heroes

Public Envy #1

Back Row: David McKenzie, Scott McDermid, Scott 'Doctor' McArthur, Chris 'Spidey' Curran, David Singh, Steve Mercer, Colin 'Chaos' McCormick, Mr. Farmer. **Front Row:** Mitch Cole, Bill Wright, David Leach, Doug Laird, Matt O'Brien 'Epileptic', Steve Leach 'Slam'. **Manager:** Patrick San Agustin.

ugees

SI TOP 20

Everywhere but in Manila

THE SHIRTLESS WONDER

LIVE!

they're slim.

SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Back Row: Mr. Lorfing, Annelise Pedersen, Emily Griffin, Shelley Beattie, Mr. Taylor. **Middle Row:** Melanie Mercer, Sue Elliott, Kiren Singh, Jennifer Hewson, Kathryn Dundas. **Front Row:** Cherlyn Cameron, Caroline Wuensche.

Old-fashioned success

Not all of today's best investments are found on Wall Street.

Court Pres

PARTY GIRLS WITH TATTOOS

Counsel to the oppressed

One sip should convince you.

RAMONES

Beyond a safe diet

Quality is Job 1.

GLITZ, GLAMOR AND NEW FANS

Heroism—and horror

Trouble in the arbage Pail

THEY SAY LOVE IS BLIND.

JUNIOR FLOOR HOCKEY

Back Row: Mr. Blais, Peter Hoang, Ryan Harris, Matt Tedford, Ralph Fitzgerald. **Front Row:** Kent Crosland, Chris Bingham, Peter Stewart, Mark Perkins.

Visual bravado from a new generation

Murder in the Punjab

And it's your choice.

Building a life on good luck

And you thought you were good at guessing the right weight.

SENIOR FLOOR HOCKEY

Back Row: Mr. Blais, J.P. Buysschaert, Vince Elenko, Cameron Ashley, Raimond Zeilstra, Andrew Wilson, Brian Elliott. **Front Row:** David Feick, Brian Wood, Brett LeBourveau, Geoff Upitis.

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS

A LINEUP OF STARS

5 CANDY CHARACTERS

Johnny LaRue: Candy's own version of Ralph Kramden, with a nod toward Hugh Hefner. Blustering and conceited, forever scheming, heavy drinker, sex obsessed, monogrammed jackets, but kind of lovable anyway. Hit rock bottom during his stint as a 'Man on the Street' interviewer with "Street Beat" — the streets were always empty, leaving LaRue with nothing to do but stand around in the cold looking foolish.

William B.: Sammy Maudlin's right-hand man was the ultimate in yes-men, an exposé of the subservient schmuck that lives inside all of us. Even when Bittman would punctuate "touch wood" with a tap on William's forehead, William submerged his own feelings for the good of the show. On the other hand, he really didn't seem to get the joke.

Dr. Tongue: Wanted us to believe that 3-D was his whole life, but I'm convinced he was hiding something. There was always an ambiguous sexuality about him, a certain effeminacy; there was also Woody Tobias, Jr., his protégé and constant companion. I just wonder . . .

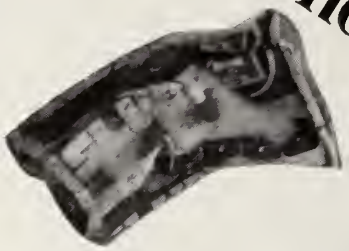
Tommy Shanks: How are you today? Tommy's fine. Tommy was mayor of Melonville for a while. Then he lost. He felt bad, but was happy for his opponent. Losing is sometimes part of life. But things even out. So never get too down on yourself. Well, we have to move on to a different character now. Bye.

Billy Sol Hurok: A man without a single redeeming quality: all he wanted to do was lead people on just long enough so's he could blow them up. He was good at it, though, and he blew up some of the best: Dustin Hoffman, Bernadette Peters, Neil Sedaka, Brooke Shields, countless others. Rumor has it he had a brush with God, and now devotes his life to the fight for disar-

A calculated swing to the right

JUNIOR FIELD HOCKEY

Land of hope and cheese



The pain of budding love

Bringing a Third Force to Bear

Back Row: Mrs. FitzGerald, Shaun O'Brien, Jackie Tetzlaff, Kathryn Dundas, Nicki Kousinioris, Dana Mendham. **Front Row:** Julie Bretz, Allison Lewis, Tori Douglas, Willa Griffin, Jody Mikolajczyk, Rob Laird, Mrs. Stewart, Michelle Chouinard.

The quest for equality

SENIOR FIELD HOCKEY

Literally a New Dimension

ack Row: Mrs. Fitzgerald, Marnie Fudge, Susan Elliott, Jennifer Hewson, Cherlyn Cameron, Lisa Hadway. **Middle Row:** Sarah Waddock, Jessica Peters, anagiota Kousinioris, Anne–Marie Pedersen, Caroline Wuensche. **Front Row:** Julie Carter.

THE WEIRD AND WONDERFUL WORLD OF

Don't Say It Again, Sam

ONE SMALL STEP FOR YOU

Voyages of hatred

Victims of the mind

Rewards before death

Very hot.

Refugees from Iran

IT'S IN YOUR HANDS

It's better than plastic

THE GOLF TEAM

Back Row: Mrs. Hewson, Dave Feick, Brett LeBourveau, Scott McDermid, Mr. Adams. **Front Row:** Jennifer Pierce, Linnea Turnquist, Jennifer Hewson.

DANGER POINTS

OVERWHELMING RESPONSE

ENTER THE NEXT DIMENSION

THE RUGBY TEAM

Back Row: Mr. Farmer, Scott McDermid, John Waddock, Alec Ferguson, Cameron Ashley, Paul McGrath, David Singh, Serge Laifer, Mr. Walls. **Middle Row:** Vince Elenko, Rob and Doug Laird, Jason Lewis, Jason Steadman, David Lane, Jeff Curran, Raimond Zeilstra. **Front Row:** Geoff Kneller, Francesco Vinci, Brian Wood, Brett LeBourveau, Geoff Upitis, Patrick San Agustin.

YOUR EYES TO THE DANGERS OF *The end*

A terrorist's terrorist

LESSONS FROM
IE KILLER

THE PIGS

WHERE THEY STAND

Cover
or
unc

Stepchildren of a Nightmare

Shaking Fists Not Hands,

In a class of their own

GYMNASTICS

Legs that draw glances

shaping promises, promises, a climate of scandal

Back Row: Roxanne Wong, Paige Hunt, Rachael Owens, Amber Darsi, Danielle Keller, Carrie Jardine, Cathy Schultz, Mrs. Rodney. **Front Row:** Mrs. Owens, Jennifer Upitis, Christina Zolotas, Amy Eisenberg, Geeta Verma, Elizabeth Empett, Stephanie Smith, Susan Elliott.

A Stroll on The Wilde Side

an underground hero

Into the "Evil Empire"

The new temples of art

BADMINTON

Seeking new salvation

The Nazi hunter

A new force in natur

A tryst with murder

Make the Most of Small Spaces

Back Row: Mai Pedersen, Jeff Gibb, Neil Belenkie, Ben Eisner, Andy Romocki, Michael Belenkie, Alec Ferguson, Jennifer Hewson. **Middle Row:** Cherlyn Cameron, Lisa Hadway, Susan Elliott, Kathryn Dundas, Tina Rogona, Allison Lewis. **Front Row:** Brett LeBourveau.

If you're ever in this situation, remember...

Testing Testing

SPLAT

JUNIOR CROSS–COUNTRY TEAM

Unearthing a treasure

YOU HAVE SHALLOW MEANDERING RIDGES

Back a fighter

A visual fanfare for the common man

Back Row: Louisa Sigurdson, Melissa Darou, Sabrina Grobler, Dana Mendham. **Middle Row:** Mrs. Rodney, Billy Zimmer, Jamie Waddock, Roxanne Elenko, Robert Pierce. **Front Row:** Mark Perkins, Mark Beattie, Mark Pirie, Eric Hyndman.

Roughing it in the bush

ENEMIES OF FLESH AND APATHY

English Spoken Here, O.K.?

LOVE IS THE SLUG

The eve of destruction

People too good to be true

YOW! WHOA! STOP!

SENIOR CROSS–COUNTRY TEAM

BONK

WE DESIGN THE FUTURE

FATHER OF MODERN-DAY FUNK

Back Row: Melanie and Steve Mercer, Chris 'Spidey' Curran, Dave 'Smiley' Leach, Melissa McLaws, Mr. Colborne. **Middle Row:** J. P. Buysschaert, Caroline Wuensche, Beth Aspinall, Kathryn Dundas, Matthew McKay. **Front Row:** Shawna Darou, Nicki Kousinouris, Scott McDermid, Lisa Fortems, Tina Ragona.

MY WIFE'S GONNA KILL ME.

'You just had to watch them burn'

An Accid Waiting to Happen

Rule Insanity

VOLVO

THE CHOICE OF A NEW GENERATION.

A questionable witness to abuse

JUNIOR TRACK AND FIELD

Here's something for your head and your heart.

CHECK OUR REFERENCES.

TRAINING

WINNING

Back Row: Dana Mendham, Sabrina Grobler, Stephanie Smith, Mark Beattie, Terri Blumes, Peter Hoang, Paul McGrath, Brandon Delf, Anton Wootliff, Michael Caruthers, Drew Hyndman, Mark Perkins, Penny McDermid, Mr. Johnson. **Middle Row:** Mr. Colborne, Roxanne Wong, Robert Pierce, Michael Belenkie, Hamish McKellar, Kathy Bartel, Danielle Keller, Matteo Rognoni, Jeremy Fleming, Roger McClary, Christopher Percival. **Front Row:** Louisa Sigurdson, Christina Zolotas, Ashley Skiber, Roxanne Elenko, Stephanie Angus, Rachael Scott, Rachael Owens, Amy Eisenberg, Charity Nufer, Heidi MacDonald.

LIFE ON THE FAST TRACK

Scorched-earth warfare

Dancing in the street

the Myth Endures

Back Row: Mr. Colborne, Shelley Beattie, Monique Mills, Matt McKay, Scott McDermid, Steven Mercer, Chris Curran, Cameron Ashley, Mr. Johnson. **Middle Row:** Caroline Wuensche, Kiren Singh, Lisa Fortems, Cherlyn Cameron, Linnea Turnquist, Melanie Mercer. **Front Row:** Darren Cooper, Tina Ragona, Jennifer Hewson, Lisa Hadway, Susan Elliott.

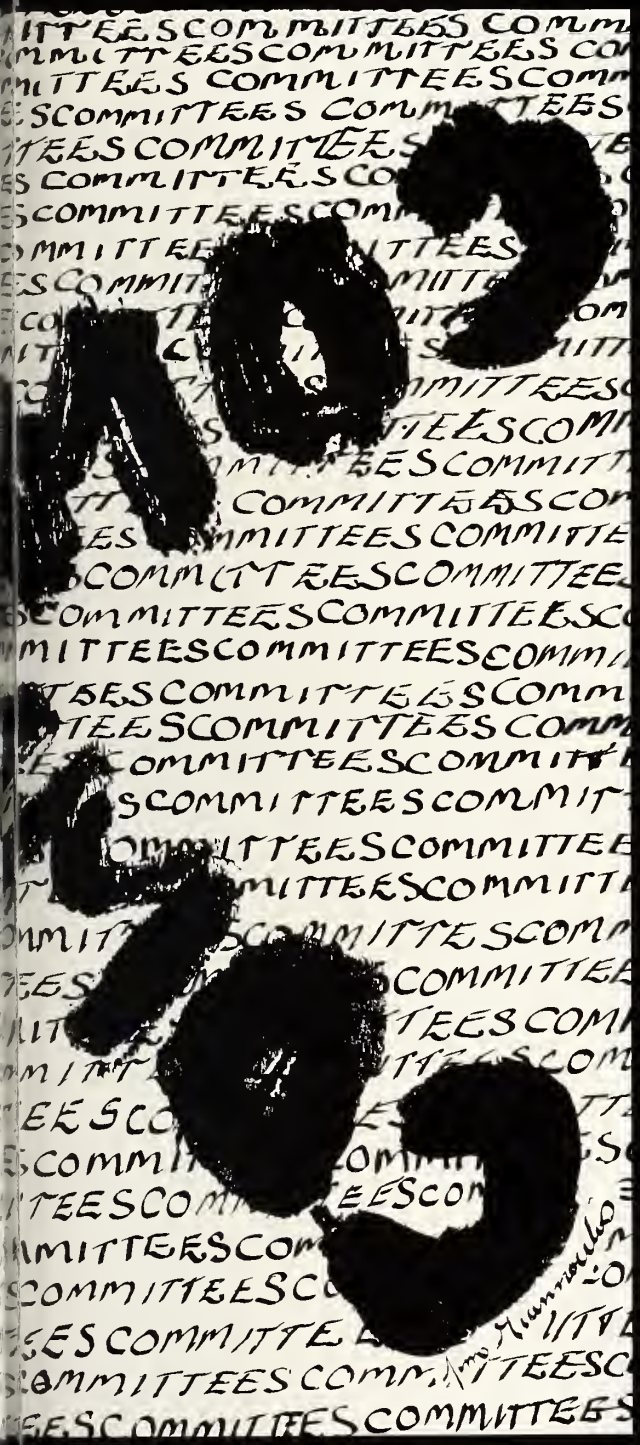
"Dad, you've got to help me."

A debate over more milk

SENIOR TRACK AND FIELD

A PASSION FOR ACTION

COMMITTEES



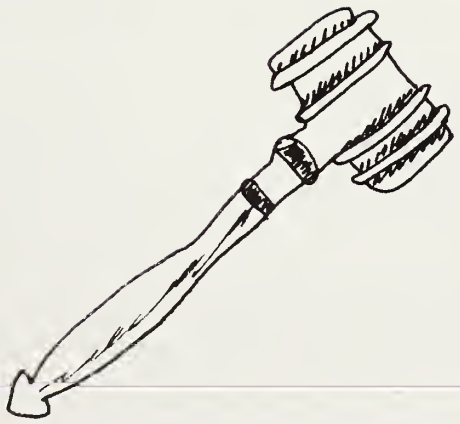
COMMITTEES

PREFECTS

Back Row:
Sarah McDonald
Jim Giannoulis
Mr. Adams (Advisor)
Marnie Fudge
Emily Griffin
Jennifer Hewson
Front Row:
Steven Mercer
Catherine Angus
Linnea Turnquist
Katie Tavender
Chris Empett
Meredith Laurence
Absent: James Carswell

COUNCIL

Back Row:
Secretary: Pat San Agustin
President: Meredith Laurence
Treasurer: Doug Laird
Front Row:
Social Convenor: Shelley Beattie
Vice–President: Alec Ferguson
Advisor: Mr. McConnell



GRADE NINE GRAD COMMITTEE

Back Row:
Dara Sutton
Alec Elmore
Dana Mendham
Peter Stewart
Front Row:
Stephanie Smith
Shaun O'Brien
Tanya Maier

GRADE TWELVE GRAD COMMITTEE

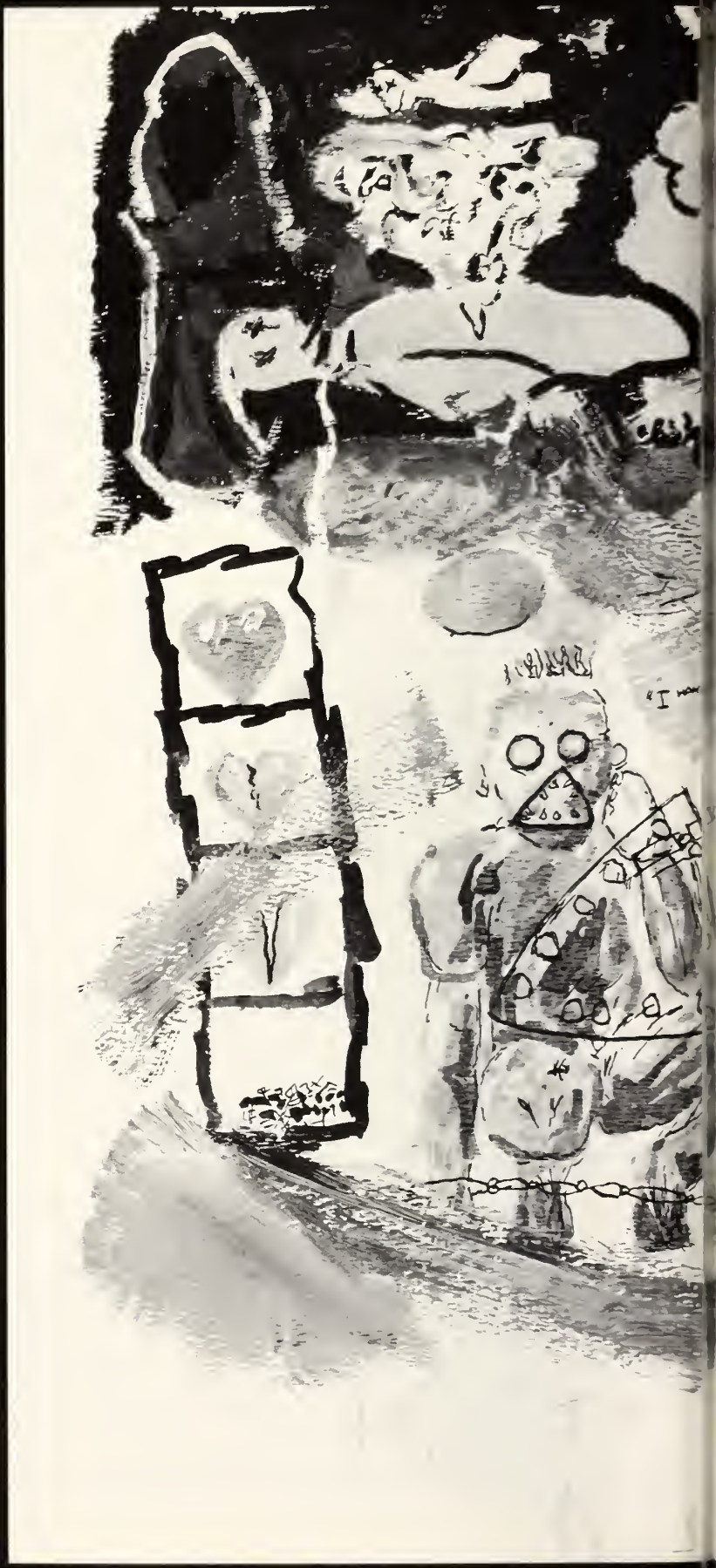
Back Row:
Cheryl Dooley
Jim Giannoulis
Mrs. FitzGerald
Steven Mercer
Mrs. Ierakidis
Andrew Cotterill
Front Row:
Stephanie Miles
Marnie Fudge
Panagiota Kousinioris
Amy Chu
Absent:
Carolyn Munnoch

YEARBOOK COMMITTEE

Back Row: Patrick San Agustin, Andrew Cotterill, Aisha Umar, Erin Malone, Yearbook Editor — Jim Giannoulis, Cheryl Dooley, Monique Mills, Nicole Beaudry. **Front Row:** Victoria Douglas, Mrs. Owens, Bryan Anderson, Ms. Bartel.

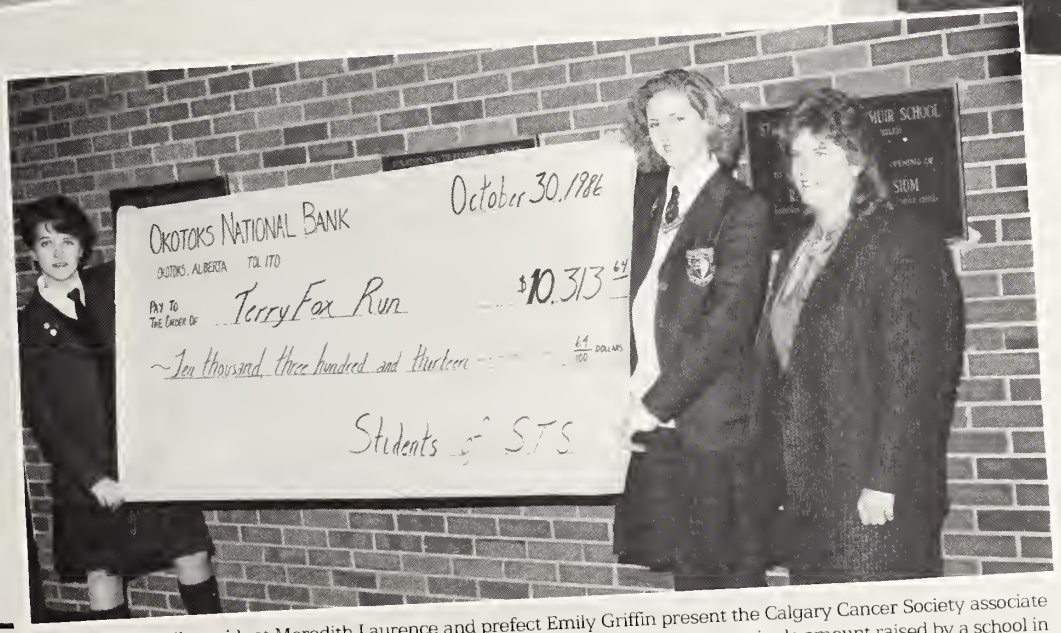
CHOIR

Back Row: Julie Bretz, Kevin Spear, Roxanne Elenko, Paige Hunt, Laura Sharp, Mrs. Biollo, Hamish McKellar, Amber Darsi, Todd Kozan, Kimberley Park, Penny McDermid, Brenda Varnam, Martin Spedding. **Third Row:** Cary Malone, Sabrina Neumann, Andrea Simon, Shannon Young, Cameron Baker, Carrie Jardine, Karen Neuss, Chandra Mannix, Karilee Johnsen, Heidi MacDonald, Kelli Kay, Andrew Brooks, Maya Gohill, Rebecca Miller. **Second Row:** Melissa Darou, Nadia Herb, Louisa Sigurdson, Rachael Owens, Rachael Scott, Nicole Beaudry, Tory Douglas, Lauren Blumes, Carol Engstrom, Cherlyn Cameron, Kathleen Cronin, Ashley Skiber, Jonathan Mawer. **Front Row:** Cathy Schultz, Stephanie Brown, Amy Eisenberg, Jennifer Upitis, Katy Stewart, Allison Lewis, Steven Feick, Willa Griffin, Jennifer Pierce, Christina Zolotas, Stacy Rozsa, Faye Sidorsky, Geeta Verma, Jory McMillan.



EVENTS

TERRY FOX RUN



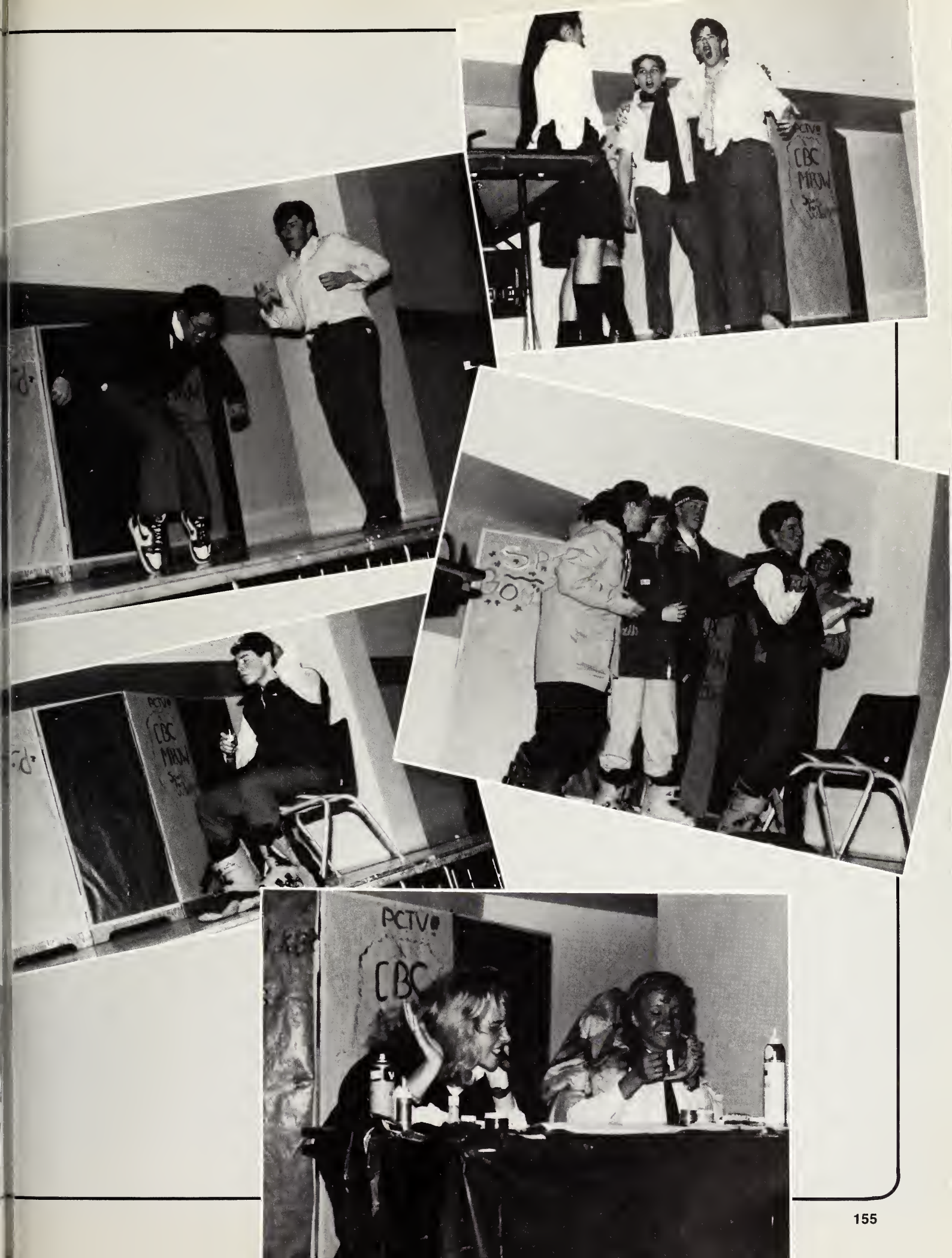
Students' Council president Meredith Laurence and prefect Emily Griffin present the Calgary Cancer Society associate director with the proceeds of the school's 1986 Terry Fox Run. This was the largest single amount raised by a school in the province.

ENDEAVOURS

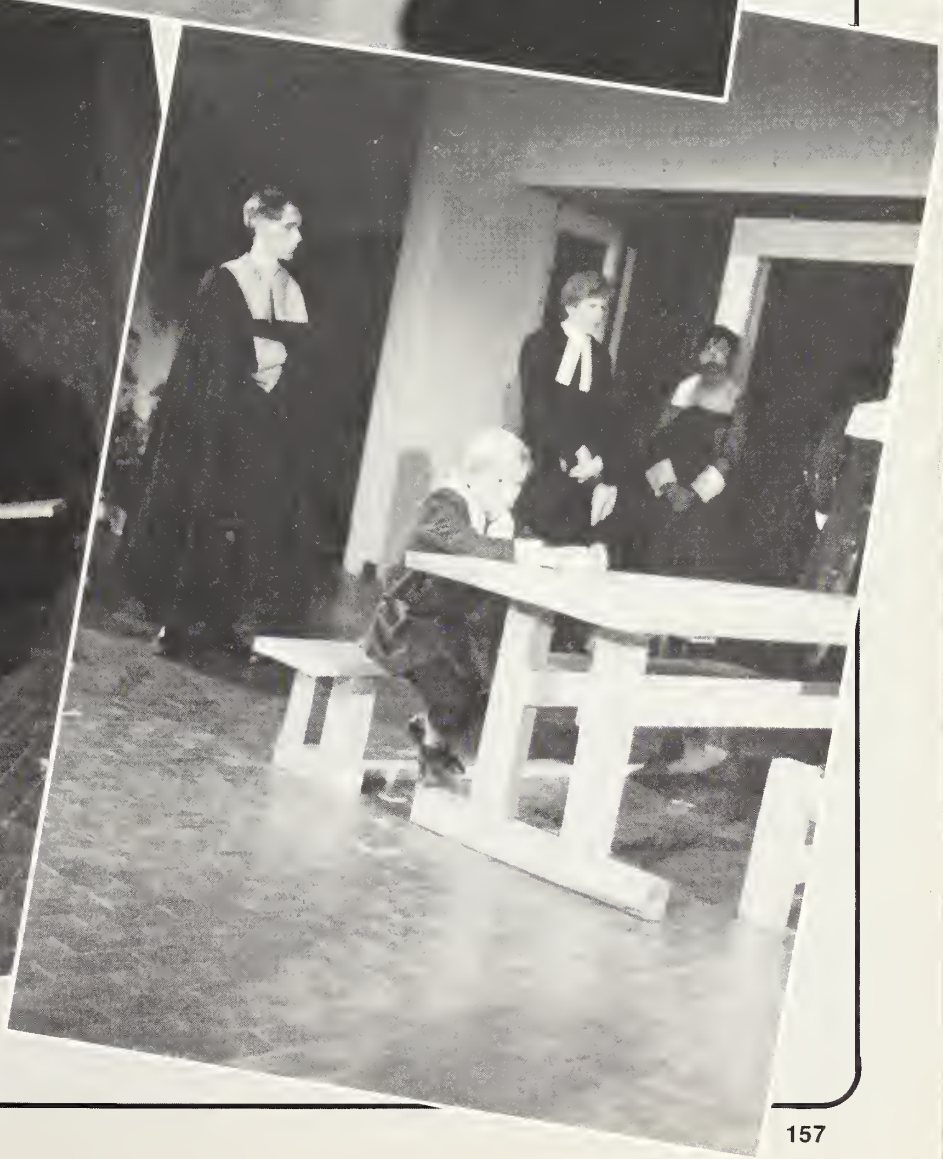
THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT

SPEECH DAY

MARTI McKAY/FESTIVAL WEEK


PCTV
CBC
PCTV
CBC
PCTV
CBC

THE CRUCIBLE



CHINA TRIP

ATHLETIC AWARDS 1986–87

	MOST VALUABLE ATHLETE	MOST IMPROVED ATHLETE
Cross Country		
Sr. Boys	David Leach	
Sr. Girls	Lisa Fortems	
Jr. Boys	Robert Pierce	Billy Zimmer
Jr. Girls	Roxanne Elenko	Sabrina Grobler
Volleyball		
Sr. Boys	Scott McDermid	Geoff Upitis
Sr. Girls	Catherine Angus	Sandra Anderson
Jr. A Boys	Peter Hoang	Rupert Evans
Jr. B Boys	Steven Feick	Drew Hyndman
Jr. A Girls	Dana Mendham	Nadia Herb
Jr. B Girls	Sabrina Neumann	Rachael Owens
Basketball		
Sr. Boys	David Singh	Stephen Leach
Sr. Girls	Catherine Angus	Shelley Beattie
Jr. A Boys	Parry Johnson	Matt Tedford
Jr. B Boys	Terri Blumes	Drew Hyndman
Jr. A Girls	Dana Mendham	Stacy Hyndman
Jr. B Girls	Nancy Angus	Geeta Verma
Rugby		
Sr.	Cameron Ashley	David Singh
Field Hockey		
Sr.	Jennifer Hewson	Jessica Peters
Jr.	Shaun O'Brien	Kathryn Dundas
Track and Field		
Sr. Boys	Chris Curran	
Sr. Girls	Catherine Angus	
Jr. Boys	Paul McGrath	
Jr. Girls	Roxanne Elenko	Nancy Angus
Golf		
	Linnea Turnquist	
Gymnastics		
Sr. Girls	Susan Elliott	
Jr. Girls	Cathy Schultz	

MAJOR ATHLETIC AWARDS

Sr. High:

Most Outstanding Male — David Singh
Most Outstanding Female — Catherine Angus

Jr. High:

Most Outstanding Male — Paul McGrath
Most Outstanding Female — Dana Mendham

Coaches Appreciation Award — Jennifer Hewson

Sportsmanship Award — Cherlyn Cameron

SPARTIN PINS

David Leach
David Singh
Catherine Angus
Jennifer Hewson
Chris Curran
Cameron Ashley
Susan Elliott

PRIZE GIVING

PROMOTION CERTIFICATES

All students in Grades One, Two, and Three.

HONOURS CERTIFICATES

GRADE FOUR: Hafiz Ali, Scott Anderson, Christopher Copeman, Robert Delf, Sebastien Gittens, Claire Graham, James Gunton, Graeme Jennings, Tamiz Kanji, Stephanie Kerwin, Angela Ko, Jonathan Koo, Katharine Lai, John Manaloor, Jeffrey Neuss, Arthur Poon, Arvin Poon, Al Renner, Daniel Sekhon, Laura Simpson, Louis Williams.

GRADE FIVE: Arliss Abrahamson, Jessica Baert, Nathan Cronin, Christopher Cully, Greg Darou, Grant Farn, Michael Forbes, Christy Greene, Tara Habijanac, Mackenzie Harvey, Caitlin Kerwin, Richard Lengkong, Patrick Mitchell, Rhiannon Owens, Ria Paul, Lisa Ricketts, Kern Shepherd, Katka Smira, Marte Towle, Rishi Verma, Michelle Wong.

GRADE SIX: Imran Ahmed, Rodney Brown, Ryan Crowther, Jeffrey Davis, Andrew Kirker, Emeline Lamond, Kern McMurtrie, Alim Mitha, Karim Nogas, Peter Wootliff.

GRADE SEVEN: Michael Belenkie, Robert Cropp, Roxanne Elenko, Jeremy Fleming, Victoria Jennings, Karilee Johnsen, Heidi MacDonald, Roger McClary, Andrew Mitchell, Rachael Owens, Rachael Scott, Clint Sello, Rene Singh, Ashley Skiber, Angus Turner, Jennifer Upitis, Christina Zolotas.

GRADE EIGHT: Laurie Brown, Melissa Darou, Steven Feick, David Grout, Brett Habijanac, Nadia Herb, Robert Lamond, Alexandra Luckhurst, Penny McDermid, Karen Neuss, Scott Nichol, Laura Sharp, Brenda Varnam, Geeta Verma, Susan Wiesenthal, Billy Zimmer.

GRADE NINE: Alanna Abrahamson, Edoardo Bardana, Alexander Elmore, Ralph Fitzgerald, Sabrina Grobler, Guru Gunaratnam, Ryan Harris, Peter Hoang, Stacy Hyndman, Scott Lemieux, Tanya Maier, Dana Mendham, Shaun O'Brien, Judd Palmer, Paulose Paul, Travis Smith, Thijs Spoor, Anton Wootliff, Cheryl Zimmer.

GRADE TEN: Carrie Allen, Shawna Darou, Kathryn Dundas, Susan Elliott, Pieter Grobler, Lisa Hadway, Katie Harse, Geoffrey Kneller, Nicoletta Kousinioris, Stephen Leach, Samantha Loucks, Colin McCormick, David McKenzie, Karima Mitha, Matthew O'Brien, Louis Papas, Christina Ragona, Patrick San Agustin, Holly Shillabeer, Sarah Waddock, Brian Wood.

GRADE ELEVEN: Dana Arnell, Beth Aspinall, Sibylle Baehre, Alexander Baldwin, Doug Brown, Catharine Farn, Eera Jadav, Farid Mahmud, Scott McDermid, Melissa McLaws, Sean Nixon, Krystina Romocki, Christine Varnam, Anna Watkins, Caroline Wuensche.

GRADE TWELVE: Catherine Angus, Jean–Pierre Buysschaert, James Carswell, Amy Chu, Jeffery Curran, Brian Elliott, Marnie Fudge, Jim Giannoulis, Jennifer Hewson, Panagiota Kousinioris, David Leach, Meredith Laurence, Brian Nichol, Tara O'Brien.

SUBJECT AWARDS

A book award is given to the top student in each subject at each grade level in the Junior and Senior High Schools.

ART:

GRADE 10: Patrick San Agustin/David McKenzie
GRADE 11: Karen Scoulding
GRADE 12: Linnea Turnquist

CLASSICS:

GRADE 8: Melissa Darou
GRADE 9: Shaun O'Brien

COMPUTER STUDIES:

GRADE 7: Jeremy Fleming
GRADE 11: Sibylle Baehre

DRAMA:

GRADE 10: Geoffrey Kneller
GRADE 11: Alexander Baldwin
GRADE 12: Katie Tavender

ENGLISH:

GRADE 7: Robert Cropp
GRADE 8: Nadia Herb
GRADE 9: Sabrina Grobler
GRADE 10: Katie Harse
GRADE 11: Alexander Baldwin/Christine Varnam
GRADE 12: Tara O'Brien

FINE ARTS:
GRADE 7: Amy Eisenberg
GRADE 8: Louisa Sigurdson
GRADE 9: Dara Sutton

FRENCH:
GRADE 7: Robert Cropp
GRADE 8: Nadia Herb
GRADE 9: Shaun O'Brien
GRADE 10: Katie Harse
GRADE 11: Melissa McLaws
GRADE 12: Linnea Turnquist

MATHEMATICS:
GRADE 7: Robert Cropp
GRADE 8: Nadia Herb/Melissa Darou
GRADE 9: Shaun O'Brien
GRADE 10: Shawna Darou
GRADE 11: Melissa McLaws
GRADE 12: Math 30: Jim Giannoulis
GRADE 12: Math 31: Jim Giannoulis

OUTDOOR EDUCATION:
GRADE 11: Caroline Wuensche

PHYSICAL EDUCATION:
GRADE 7: Roxanne Elenko
GRADE 8: Eric Hyndman/Steven Feick
GRADE 9: Dana Mendham
GRADE 10: Geoffrey Upitis
GRADE 11: Catharine Farn/Scott McDermid
GRADE 12: Catherine Angus

SCIENCE:
GRADE 7: Robert Cropp
GRADE 8: Melissa Darou
GRADE 9: Thijs Spoor

Biology:
GRADE 10: Katie Harse
GRADE 11: Sean Nixon
GRADE 12: Jim Giannoulis

Chemistry:
GRADE 10: David McKenzie
GRADE 11: Melissa McLaws
GRADE 12: Jim Giannoulis

PHYSICS:
GRADE 10: David McKenzie
GRADE 11: Melissa McLaws
GRADE 12: David Leach

SOCIAL STUDIES:
GRADE 7: Robert Cropp
GRADE 8: Melissa Darou
GRADE 9: Shaun O'Brien
GRADE 10: Brian Wood
GRADE 11: Alexander Baldwin
GRADE 12: Brian Nichol

DOROTHY GOLDSTEIN MEMORIAL PRIZES:
Awarded for proficiency in Maths and Sciences in Junior and Senior High.
JUNIOR HIGH: Shaun O'Brien
SENIOR HIGH: Jim Giannoulis

OUTDOORSMAN
Awarded annually to the Senior High student who has shown outstanding ability and leadership in outdoor pursuits throughout the year.
Mark Miller/Tara O'Brien

HOUSE AWARDS
ELEMENTARY: Dover
JUNIOR HIGH: Buchan
SENIOR HIGH: Buchan
PROFICIENCY AWARDS
From Grades 1 to 9, books are awarded to the top student in each class, and from Grades 10 to 12, books are awarded to the top student in each grade.
GRADE 1: Victoria Lamond
GRADE 2: Erin Kaiser
GRADE 3: Sonya Lowe
GRADE 4A: Jonathan Koo/Arthur Poon
GRADE 4B: Scott Anderson
GRADE 5A: Tara Habijanac
GRADE 5B: Jessica Baert/Christy Greene
GRADE 6A: Jeffrey Davis
GRADE 6B: Peter Wootliff/Kern McMurtrie
GRADE 7A: Karilee Johnsen
GRADE 7B: Andrew Mitchell
GRADE 7C: Robert Cropp
GRADE 8A: Melissa Darou
GRADE 8B: Karen Neuss
GRADE 8C: Laurie Brown/David Grout
GRADE 9A: Shaun O'Brien
GRADE 9B: Peter Hoang
GRADE 9C: Paulose Paul
GRADE 10: Katie Harse
GRADE 11: Melissa McLaws
GRADE 12: Jim Giannoulis/Tara O'Brien
SCHOLARSHIPS AND BURSARIES:
THE STAFF BURSARY: Robert Scott and Imran Ahmed
THE W. A. HEARD BURSARY: Patrick San Agustin
THE W.H.H. TIDSWELL MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIPS: Sean Nixon and Dara Sutton
DOUGLAS CHAPMAN MEMORIAL BURSARY: Pieter Grobler

SPECIAL AWARDS
SENIOR CLASS AWARDS:
Certificates and Silver Pins are awarded to all members of the Graduating Class.
TWELVE YEAR AWARD
Bryan Anderson
PRESIDENT'S AWARD
Meredith Laurence, President of the Student's Council
THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARDS
BRONZE PIN: Edward Bashford and Thijs Spoor

MAJOR AWARDS

THE MRS. A. E. DUNN TROPHY

This trophy is awarded to a student in the Grade Six class who has shown all–round excellence during the year.

Karim Nogas

THE JUNIOR HIGH SPIRIT AWARD

This award is given to a student who, with a positive attitude and a good sense of humour has encouraged his/her classmates to be the best they can be.

Stephanie Smith

THE HEWITT TROPHY FOR CITIZENSHIP

This trophy is awarded for citizenship in the Junior High Level.

Alexander Elmore

THE S.T.S. JUNIOR HIGH TROPHY

This trophy is awarded for diligence at the Junior High level.

Tanya Maier

THE BUCHAN TROPHY

This trophy is awarded for all–round excellence at the Junior High level.

Peter Hoang

THE NEIL McQUEEN MEMORIAL AWARD

This is awarded to the boy in Junior or Senior High who typifies the character of Neil McQueen, with such traits as diligence, competitiveness, high ability, friendliness, and sense of adventure.

Scott McDermid

THE MARGARET CAMERON MEMORIAL PRIZE

This is awarded to a girl who exemplifies many of the characteristics of Margaret Cameron. She is well–liked, and was friendly and helpful to her classmates and the younger students. She was well thought of by her teachers and peers.

Emily Griffin

THE DAVID PIKE MEMORIAL

It is awarded to a student in Senior High who has contributed to the life of the school year by his/her outstanding good nature and unfailing sense of humour.

Sarah McDonald and Linnea Turnquist

THE STRATHCONA AWARD

This is awarded to a Grade 12 student who has worked diligently throughout the year.

Panagiota Kousinioris

THE TANNER CUP

This is awarded for citizenship at the Senior High level.

Meredith Laurence

THE HOWARD TROPHY

This trophy is awarded to a student who has shown all–round excellence during the year.

NOMINEES:

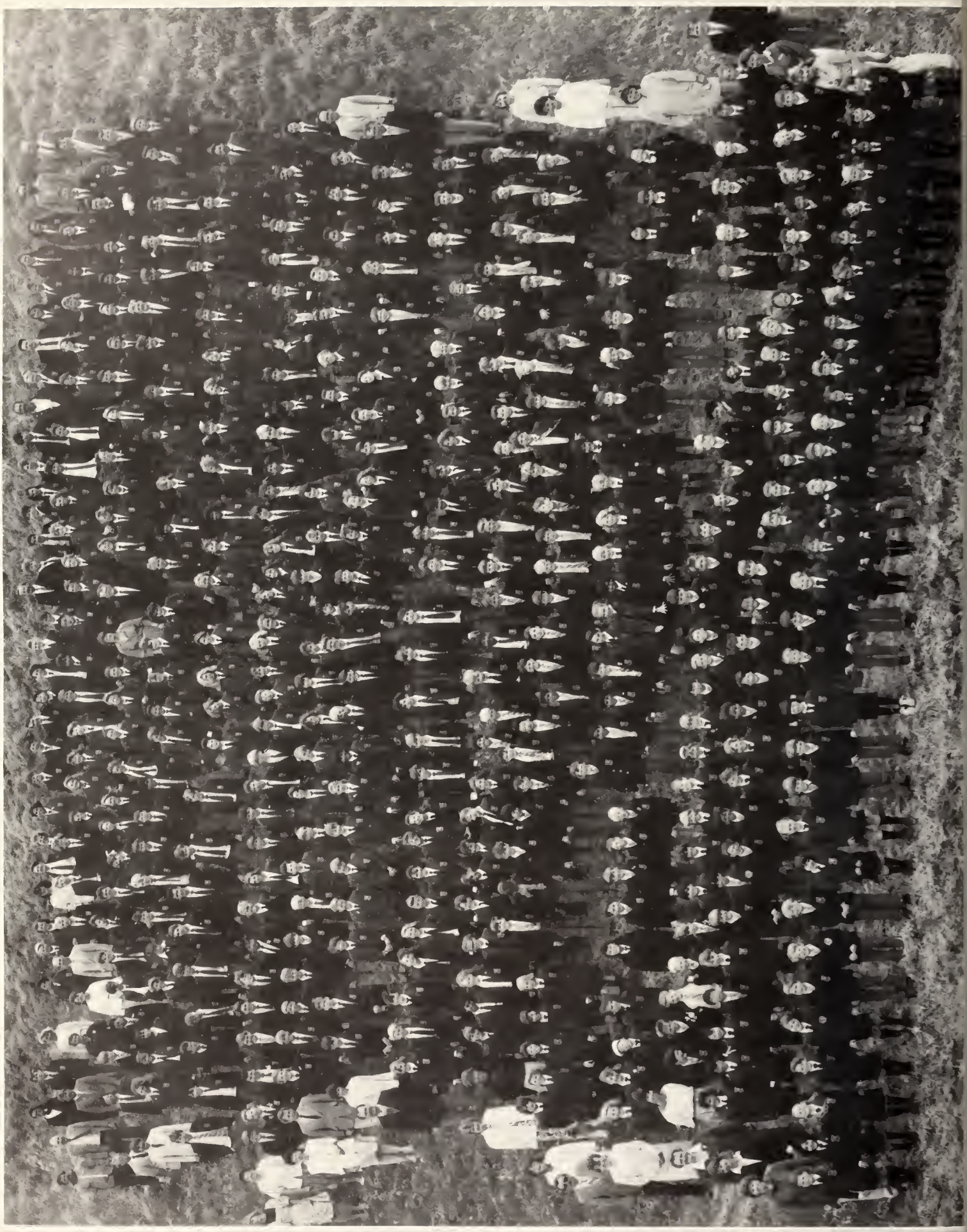
Catherine Angus

Jim Giannoulis

Meredith Laurence

Jennifer Hewson

WINNER: Jennifer Hewson



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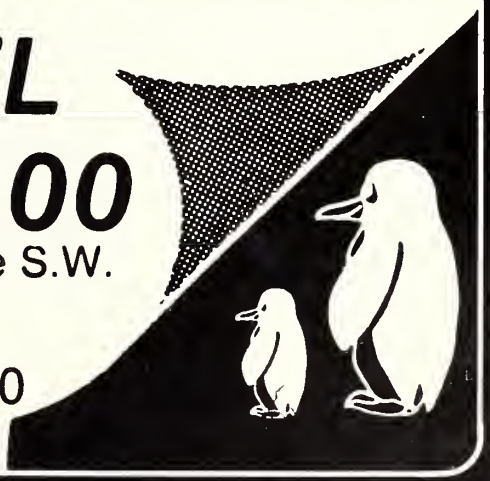

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Jack Tennant and the Staff of Tennant Newspapers wish the Class of '87 the very best in years to come

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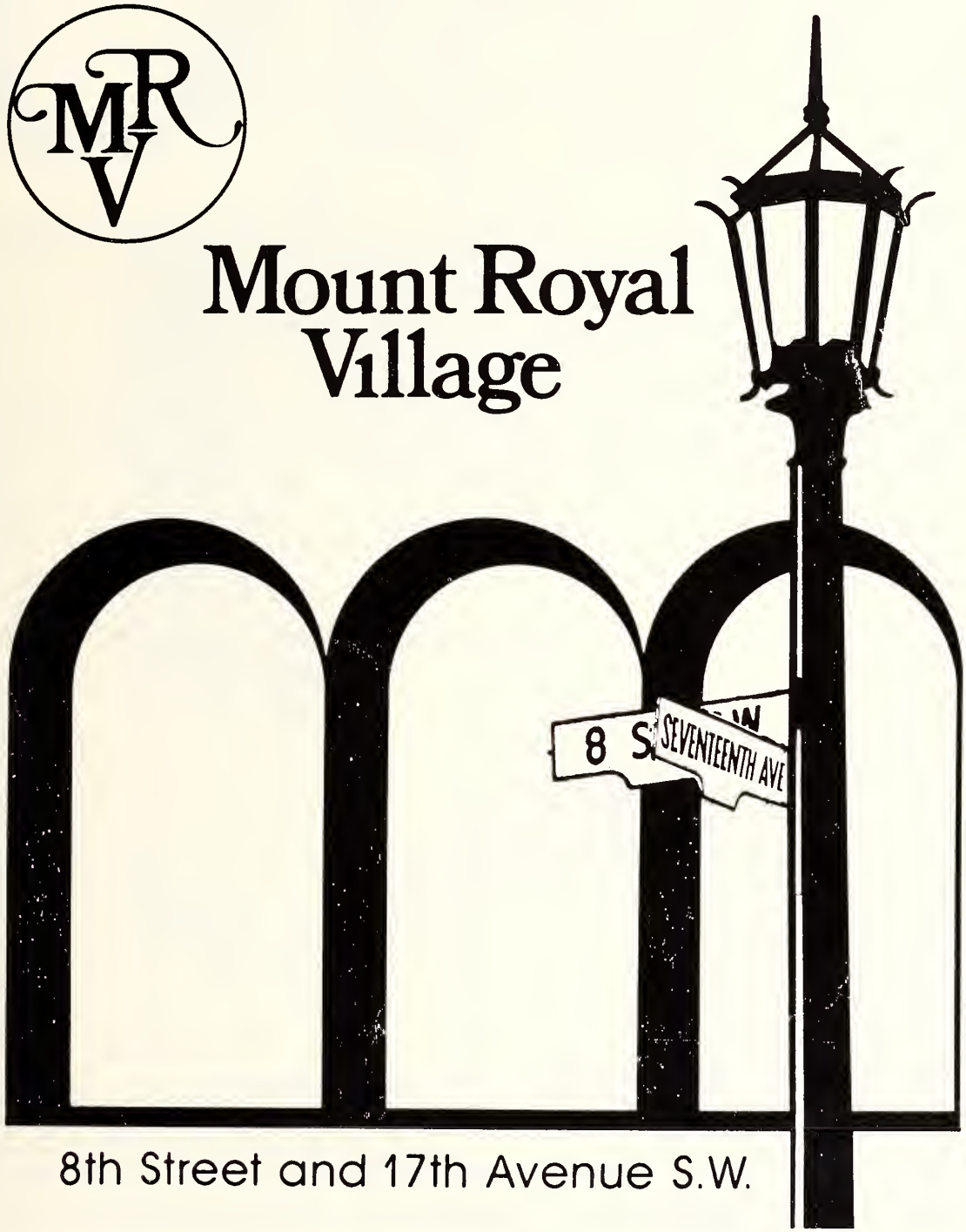

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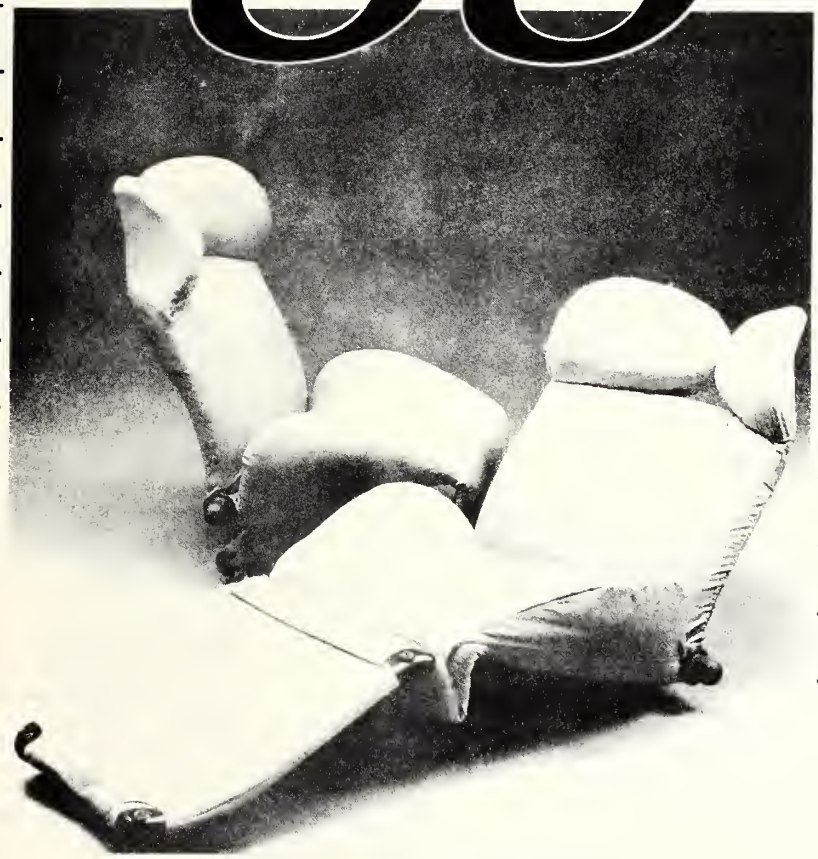

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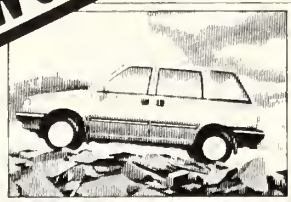

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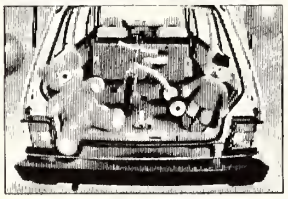

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